

INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER

#204

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music that he hears, however measured and far away" – Henry David Thoreau

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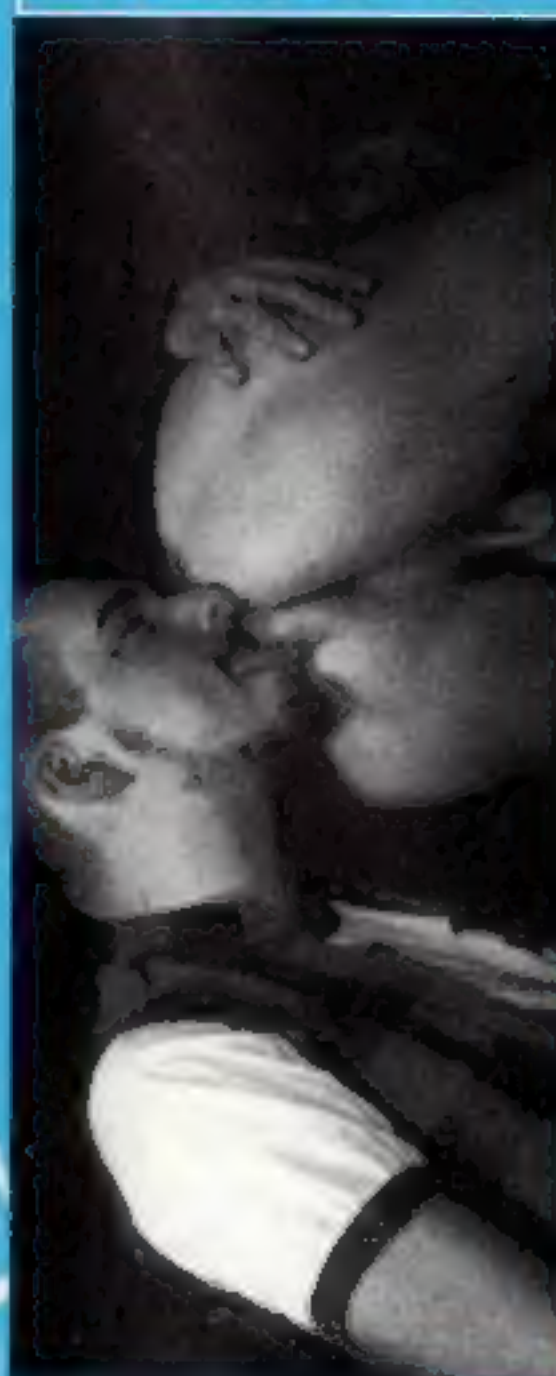
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#204



Tricking

is the urban version of big game hunting. Watch the wild beasts gather at the watering hole. Feel the thrill of the chase. Add another trophy to your drawer of forgotten names and numbers written on cocktail napkins, business cards and matchbooks. The scent of leather hits your nostrils, your senses bristle. In the dark, someone has you in their sights – you are both hunter and prey.

These are one-night captures, without past or future, to be turned loose sometime before morning. Between now and the dawn there is illusion, pain, sweat, catharsis and release.

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TOUGH GUYS

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Finally, the most recognised name in getting together the roughest, horniest men for raw sex comes to cyberspace. Drummer's new website puts to sea in May with a full compliment of news, sex and subsurface links. Constantly changing, hot features will keep your torpedo ready to fire! Choose cruising depth or dive for all the action!

DON'T MISS THE SHIP, GET ONBOARD THE DIVE TODAY!

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One of the bear men featured in Drummer 202

The Real Thing

This slave would like to address those who place ads in the classified section and those who read them. To be blunt - they work. This slave searched for about 5 years in earnest as did my Master - for about nine years. We were looking for "The Real Thing."

With my Master's approval, this slave will share our experience of hunting for a needle in a hay stack. Recently this slave browsed through an issue of Drummer, hoping to find the right ads that would inspire me. For a while none were too awe inspiring.

Then in issue #199 (Lick My Boots, Suck My Toes), I found the ad that was for me. I called. Since that first nervous conversation, this slave has become the proud slave of my new Master, and will be adopted, taking his last name along with a new name he is selecting. It is a two in a million match.

For those of you who haven't

found what you are looking for, please have patience. This slave is twenty-five and had been searching for what seemed like an eternity. You must endure the trials and tribulations of bogus responses and those just looking to get their jollies off (and believe me there are many). But, if you stick it out, there will be a reward waiting for you.

My Master and I send our many thanks to you and your magazine for the service it provides. We will be in touch in the future with more details for you and your readers to enjoy!

jM

Clovis, CA

Hard to Get Good Help

Do tell me how, in the Drumbeat section of Issue #202 (Hot, Hairy, Horny Bears), you cover an event - Freeze and Sleaze - that did not occur???

FR

Chicago, IL

Ed. Hmm. Remember that staff member who spelled "Locker room" incorrectly on the cover of our Jock Issue? (Drummer 193) and turned the hot leather guys on the back of Tough Customers #12 into blue leather Smurfs? AND remember our "orange phase" when all our cover men looked rather...overcooked? (issues 197 and 198 - personally I refer to this period as our Warhol phase). Well, we gave that damn fool one last chance and he blew it. He went and made up a non-event so we made him a non-employee. (But not before he turned one of our hot phone line models into a green alien (Drummer 201). Man is it hard to get good help nowadays.)

Leather Bears Track Real Men

I want to thank you and congratulate you on Issue #202 (Hot, Hairy, Horny Bears!) and Tough Customers 14, both of which arrived the other day. I had ordered both (along with a classified ad to appear in an upcoming issue of Drummer) through the special offer you made to all us bears who attended International Bear Rendezvous 1997. (San Francisco).

For my money, Drummer #202 is one of the hottest issues you've done in a long time! And that's really saying something - you guys have been doing some hot stuff in the last year or two! Thanks for recognizing that there's more to the leather scene than just smooth-shaved steroid-pumped blond California surfer-god-wannabes - some of us leather bears actually look like and appreciate REAL MEN!

HT

San Francisco, CA

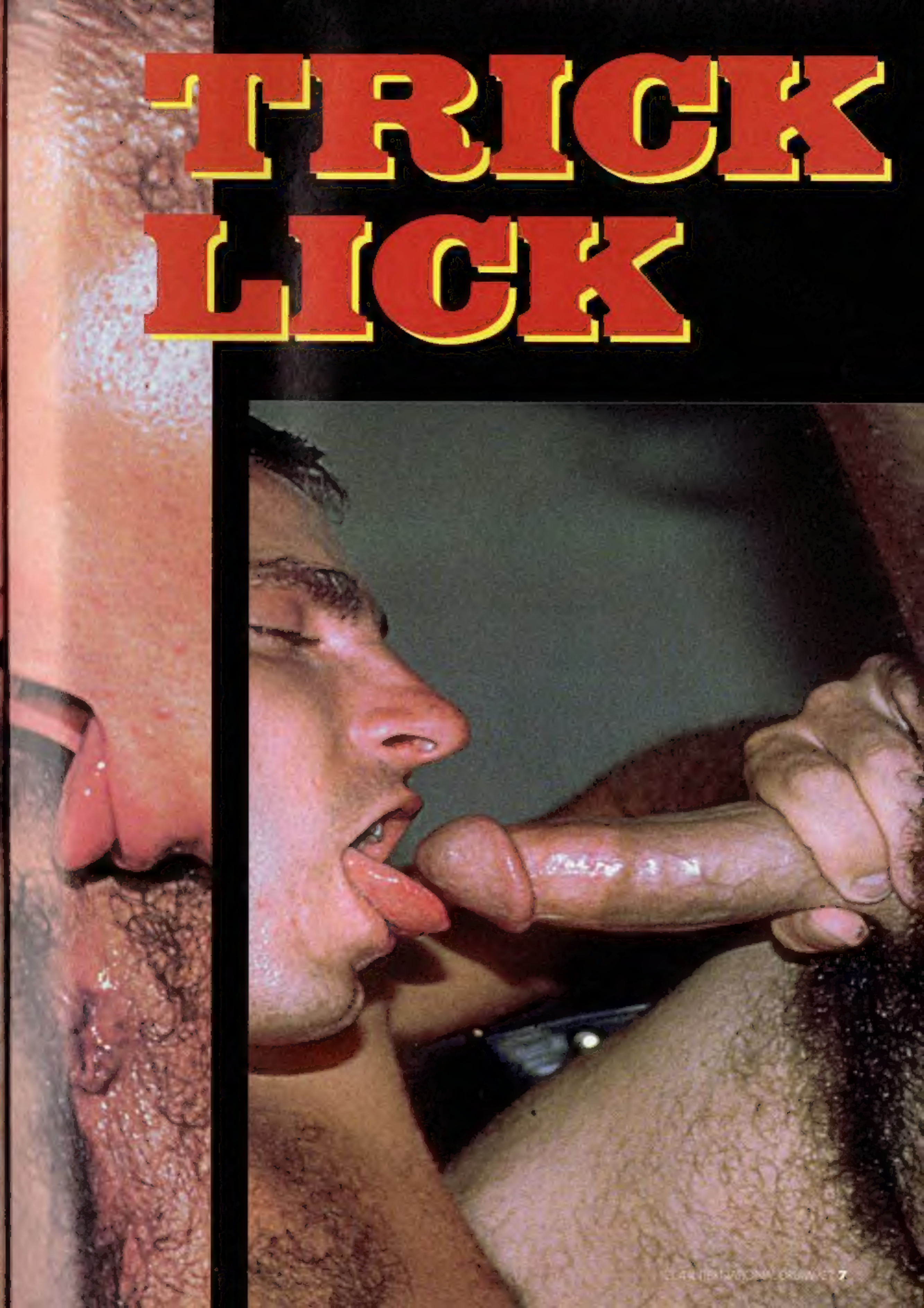
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Photos from the Vivid Video film, "Dax"
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TRICK LICK



TRICK LICK







Mustang Studios presents PRIVATE PARTS

Private Parts

Mustang Studios. Directed by Chi Chi LaRue. Videography by John Rutherford. Edited by Delta Productions. Starring Dillon Colt, Doug Jeffries, Kevin Kramer, Nicolas Moore, Vince Skyler, Peter Dixon, Steve Pierce, Sven, Troy Maxwell, and Will Clarke. To order write Mustang Studios, P.O. Box 420788, San Francisco, CA 94142-0788.

Mustang Studios is known for high-quality porn that pushes the "mainstream" envelope just a bit. They don't do hard-core raunch, but every now and then they do get raunchy. "Private Parts" fits right into that tradition. The first scene is one-on-one vanilla sex. The only thing "wild" about it is that it takes place in a sex club, and even that's commonplace in porn these days. Other than being group scenes, the sex in the last two segments is just as ordinary as in the first. There are some excellent perfor-

mances - such as the one given by the gorgeous Will Clarke - but nothing of much interest to the Drummer audience. The second scene featuring Doug Jeffries and Steve Pierce is quite unlike the rest of "Private Parts." For reasons having to do with a rather silly and unimportant plot device, Pierce is really horny for killer sex with his partner Jeffries. Jeffries doesn't just fuck Pierce. He fucks him with any number of things - his penis, a very large dildo, and some heavy chains. We all know that Pierce can get down and dirty. If you haven't seen his previous work, you could guess as much just by looking at him. Jeffries' performance, on the other hand, is more of a surprise. Jeffries plays the reluctant boyfriend in the video, and he's not famous for kinky performances. On the contrary, he generally excels in the more "romantic" roles. That's what makes it so satisfying to see him jump right into going the extra mile with Pierce.

The fact that Pierce and Jeffries play a couple who like to play a little rough makes the scene even better. The rule of thumb in porn is that the rougher or more extreme the sex involved, the less relationship the men have with each other. There's absolutely nothing wrong with casual or even anonymous sex. In fact, there's a whole lot right with it. Still,

DRUM MEDIA

Tops and Cops

PORN REVIEWS BY CHRISTOPHER J. HOGAN

it's nice to see something done differently in a video. The novelty alone makes the scene more interesting.

Hot Cops 3: The Final Assault!

Centaur Films. Produced by Jan Geniuk and Jack Hazzard. Directed by Chip Daniels. Written by Shane Nels. Edited by Chip Daniels. Starring M Bradshaw, Steve O'Donnell, K.C. H Max Grand, Tony Brandon, Sw William, Chad Donovan, Kyle McK Adam Rom, Eric York, and Chip Dan (in a nonsexual role). To order wr Centaur Films, 11684 Ventura Bl Suite 921, Studio City, CA 91604.

From the title, one would think that "Hot Cops 3: The Final Assault!" was the last video of a trilogy. This doesn't seem to be the case. In the end, just as a scene is beginning, the words "to be continued" appear on the screen. Despite the cliffhanger, this video doesn't really depend on a plot. You can see "Hot Cops 3" without having seen the first two, and you won't necessarily want to rush out and get the fourth one after seeing this one. That's not to say that "Hot Cops 3" is a bad video. It's just not a great one.

Most of the sex in this video is pretty standard and the acting in the nonsexual scenes is beyond wooden. There are a few good moments. It may be a cliché to use a nightstick as a dildo in a cop-themed video, but it always works. There's simply something indescribably sexy about it. It's so perfect that one wonders if that's what the designer of the nightstick really had in mind. As if that weren't enough, Steve O'Donnell also puts his big, hefty utility flashlight to good use. O'Donnell's partner (in the police sense, not in the lover way) M Bradshaw also shows he can wield a dildo. He's lucky enough to play with the totally yummy Kyle McKena (who



First the cop's cock then the night stick in HOT COPS 3

name is spelled "McKenna" in other videos). McKenna is one of the hottest bottoms working in porn, and he can take a good pounding with a sizable dildo. That alone is worth seeing.

Wet Fantasies

Close-Up Productions. Produced by Steve Johnson. Directed by Steve Walker and Michael White. Starring Michael White, Chellus Taylor, David Thompson, Donnie Russo, Bryan Kidd, and Spike. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

If you are a Donnie Russo fan, see "Wet Fantasies." His performance in this video is classic Russo. After a brief set-up scene with some great Russo acting, he does what he does best. He wrestles, he whines out verbal abuse, he talks dirty, and he fucks. All of this takes place in a hotel bathroom, and much of it is in the bathtub. His partner in the scene (I think it's Spike - the performers aren't very well credited in the credits) is almost inconsequential. Russo dominates the action and not just because he's the top. The video is all about him and his style.

If you are not a Donnie Russo fan, there's not much to recommend about "Wet Fantasies." Other than his scene, this video is rather poorly made. The overall technical quality is low. Most of the scenes are awkward and slow. The

final scene featuring Bryan Kidd (usually a great performer) alone in a shower appears to have been tacked on at the last minute. It ends very abruptly without Kidd having shot a load. Even if shower fantasies really turn you on, "Wet Fantasies" will probably disappoint.

Sex Hostage

Projex Video (produced in association with Close-Up Productions). Starring Joe Romero, Marc Pierce, Rick Estephan, Patrick Ives, Eric Evans, and David Thompson. To order write Close-Up Productions, P.O. Box 691658, West Hollywood, CA 90069.

"Sex Hostage" is somewhat mistitled. There are actually two sex hostages in the video. Rick Estephan and Patrick Ives kidnap Eric Evans and David Thompson. While waiting for the ransom money, the captors take advantage of their hostages. The action starts out very promising. Evans and Thompson are bound, and Estephan and Ives deliver some whipping and other abuse. At one point, the torture involves more clothes pins than you can count. Just when things are getting really good and nasty, everything changes. Suddenly, "Sex Hostage" becomes a vanilla video featuring standard, mainstream sex. Why didn't the videomakers keep on the raunchy track? It's hard to tell. Projex Video and Close-Up

Productions have done more hard-core stuff, so that's not the issue. Perhaps the performers are a bit too middle-of-the-road to take things farther. In any case, it's a shame. What begins as an excellent B&D video evolves into something much more pedestrian.

On a different note, the best moment in "Sex Hostage" is both nonsexual and unintentionally comic. Ives receives a call on his cell phone from either the police or the people who are going to pay the ransom, and he arranges the drop off. I could be wrong, but I would guess that kidnappers rarely give their phone numbers to the authorities. The plot of a porn movie is, of course, secondary at best, but it shouldn't be so ill-conceived that it's ridiculous. That detracts from the sex.

One Last Note

Have you seen the new Versace ads featuring Dan O'Brien? They have turned the cute, smiling athlete into a smoldering sex god. Who says fags don't have enough power in our society?



Big meat and dildos in HOT COPS 3

Music To Fuck By

MUSIC REVIEWS BY KEVIN JOHN

Tastes in sounds and sex are so intensely personal that combining both on a single release is bound to please no one all of the time. So let me state right off that I make no claims as to the 100% effectiveness of any of the selections below in enhancing your next fuck session. It is merely an attempt to guide you towards new possibilities for your fluid exchange program.

For foreplay, I suggest what most people I know fuck to anyway: smooth make-out music like Roxy Music's torchy travelogue *Avalon* or the R&B/soul burn of Al Green (check out his 4-disc boxed set *Anthology on The Right Stuff*), D'Angelo's *Brown Sugar*, Maxwell's *Urban Hung Suite* or *Love Deluxe* by Sade (definitely not as in the Marquis de so I'd leave this in the foreplay realm). All are ambient enough to keep in the background but sexy enough to move the heavy petting closer to some oral action and penetration.

A collection of songs about the act itself that actually works is Rhino's *Risque Rhythm* - a compilation of "nasty 50's R&B" which delivers a raunch-n-roll specific enough in its horniness to inspire some filthy humping. The sax in Wynonie Harris' "Wasn't That Good"

is the sleaziest I've ever heard but his pussy-juice paean, "Keep On Churnin'," might make a nice accompaniment for those who like to make a mess with sweat, jism, piss, shit, dick cheese or whatever else you care to fling around.

The spaces where bully-boys are encouraged to come together aren't very plentiful but on albums like The Misfits' *Walk Among Us*, classic Oi! compilations like *Strength Thru Oil* and *Oil - The Album*, Rancid's *And Out Come The Wolves* and practically anything by the Clash, they get to sing together and the way they join voices brings a rise to the johnson every time.

There's an equally powerful homoerotic appeal to rap albums like the Beastie Boys' *License To Ill*, The Goats' *Tricks of the Shade* and the *Judgement Night* soundtrack. My most nagging sex fantasy is merely to have all three Beasties at one dick-sitting. I'd like to start off with a friendly circle suck but I couldn't bear the thought of any one Beastie not being able to get a piece of me simultaneously with the other two. So, instead, my boy Ad-Rock would work his fuck-root harder and harder in and out of my hole to the beat of the "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves" chant in "Rhymin' and Stealin'"

while the others tongue-bathe me; each chant gets louder and louder. Then perhaps we could schedule the aforementioned circle suck with their longtime cohort, Ricky Power.

After three hours of that, the boys would fall asleep with their cocks in each other's asses while Ad-Rock gently wakes me up so he can position his ass-ring down over my tongue and clench down so hard that I can't even pull it out. After an hour of this tug-of-war, I slip my reawakened stiffness up his saliva-soaked canal of carnality to more mellowed out grooves like *Check Your Head*.

Whew! There's a wealthy neighborhood near my apartment where it seems as if 60% of all the preppy boys who graduate high school become hippies. So once you lead them to your place with the best ganja in town and get them stoned out of their minds, proceed to seduce with the stoner vibes of alternarapper Justin Warfield's *Field Trip To Planet 9*, the Butthole Surfers' *Independent Worm Salvo* and (what the hell - it's still incredibly sexy after all these years) Jimi Hendrix Experience's *Are You Experienced?* If they object, wait until they conk out and start sucking their Birkenstock stained toes up



they're fucking raisins.

For fisting, the more frightening the atmosphere the better and no music has ever scared the shit out of me like the Virgin Prunes. I first heard of them when I was 13 and eventually came up with the "Pagan Love Song" 12" on Rough Trade. However, at 13, I had never heard of a 12" and played it on 33. Out came werewolf howls, backwards screaming, and growling grunts which sounded appropriate coming from the two zombies (make-up by the young children) on the cover. I wasn't going to Hell for listening to this music; I was already there. Your butt will know no boundaries. For the record, it's not very friendly at 45 either. Christopher Rage, take note.

Also on the haunted tip: Phuture's acid house milestone "Your Only Friend" which starts out with a slowed-down voice intoning "This is your future" and includes a slowed-up, scary moaning. Don't play this 12" at the wrong speed or you'll lose the effect. Then there's Jandek. Little is known about him and he won't grant interviews. He's released at least one record a year since 1981 with the same type of grainy, washed-off photos on every cover. Musically, he sounds like Robert Johnson would were he a Pussy Galore fan. The last one I've heard is *Golden Image* (Corwood P.O.B. 5115 Houston, TX 77220) but *Modern Dances* is a primitive, amateurish scrape of an album that's so oppressive, it'll make you think someone is bound and gagged against their will in the room with you and the tape recorder.

With SM, where more emphasis is placed on performance and role playing, music is often relegated to background soundtrack or mood-enhancing function. Instead of bullshit new wave, obvious classical music (or the equally obvious "Master and Servant" by Depeche Mode) or minimalism (theoretically fascinating but as goofy and mood-ruining as

**FOR FOREPLAY, I SUGGEST WHAT
MOST PEOPLE I KNOW FUCK TO ANY-
WAY: SMOOTH MAKE-OUT SOUNDS
LIKE ROXY MUSIC'S TORCHY
"AVALON" OR THE R&B SOUL
BURN OF AL GREEN.**

Meco's disco version of "The Wizard of Oz"), I propose a sonic drapery with more meat on the bones. Tricky's *Marquay* arrived at a engrossing synthesis of sexy and irritating that no trip-hopper has come close to replicating. His latest, *Pre-Millennium Tension*, includes "Tricky Kid," a spooky rap which would work great for stripping (flesh or clothes). So would "Cemetery" off of PIL's *Metal Box* (reissued for non-millionaires as *Second Edition*) - three twelve inches in a metal film container. Hearing former Sex Pistol John Lydon's final denial years later, I'm surprised how well it stands up to a good ass thrashing. "Albatross" even comes complete with some insults along the lines of "I've seen you up far too close" and "You are unbearable" to keep that worthless, piece-of-shit slave in place.

If you're not lucky enough to have a dungeon, dub will transform the straightest suburban living room into a cavern for ya. Dub originated in subtracting certain elements out of a reggae mix and adding enormous waves of reverbed echo. A good recent dub is Mad Professor and Le "Scratch" Perry's *Dub Take The Voodoo Out Of Reggae* (Ras Box 42517, Washington, DC 20015).

The Velvet Underground's "Venus in Furs" is one of the few songs about SM that sounds great in the SM background, as is "Walk the Night" by the Skatt Brothers (Casablanca) which was an under-

ground disco hit in the late 70's. Instead of those dull chant records for that Inquisition flavor, try *Buddhist Liturgy of Tibet* (King Japanese import) which starts off with overheard chants and breaks into a godforsaken racket of cymbals and wind instruments that'll catch you unaware every time. "Ocean of Sound" (Virgin import) traces the history of ambient and includes the Velvet Underground along with the Beach Boys, jazz tripper Sun Ra and the pioneer Brian Eno and makes for a gorgeous backdrop to any activity.

If you're sick of NIN's "Closer," spin Front 242's "Headhunter" or Big Black's *Songs About Fucking* for a clangy, industrial din. And LiLiPUT were the greatest all-female group of all-time. They played a riotous take on post-punk with a Teutonic militarism that makes discipline sound fun. Look for the 1993 *LiLiPUT* collection (Off Course import).

Into mind games? "Ruin" the mood with Little Peggy March's "I Will Follow Him" on that ode to supplication *Stand By Your Man* (Nick at Nite/550) - a collection of songs of devotion and subordination that aren't ominous in the least. Leader of the Church of Satan, Anton LaVey, has said that the true Satanic music is Little Peggy March and songs like "Yes, We Have No Bananas" so you might be arriving at an invocation more evil than you could've imagined by playing Annette Funicello's "Tall Paul" and The Angels' "My Boyfriend's Back."

And to end it all, I must mention X-Ray Spex's "Oh Bondage, Up Yours!" available on *Germfree Adolescents* (Caroline). Hear how Poly Styrene, the greatest punk screecher of all, personifies the act of submission and laughs right in its face, proving there's no denial so final as to prevent someone from making a great joke out of it from right around the corner.



Photos from the
Drummer Archives



DOUGH TRICKS

TOUGH TRICKS



SLEAZY TRICKS

NEED

I SEE HE HAS A SWASTIKA TATOOED ON HIS ARM. "KISS IT" HE WHISPERS QUIETLY IN MY EAR, HIS VOICE NOT MENACING OR PUT ON.

By Justin Clin

In the small space of the bookstore we fumble like adolescents for third base while our parents due back any moment from church choir practice. He clumsily grabs me; I grab his shaved head and press his face into mine, sucking on his tongue, all the while groping, pawing at each other's crotch and ass. He pulls off his belt and lays it on top of mine which is thrown over the small desk stool. While he unbuttons his shirt, I slip my hands under his shirt and play with his nipples. As a button pops off, I can see the dark ink on his chest. He pulls off his shirt, standing there in the dimly lit room by unblemished porn bunnies. In their pleasure, he wraps his arms around me and kisses me. At this time it's hard, slow and sensual. With his hand he holds my head and guides my



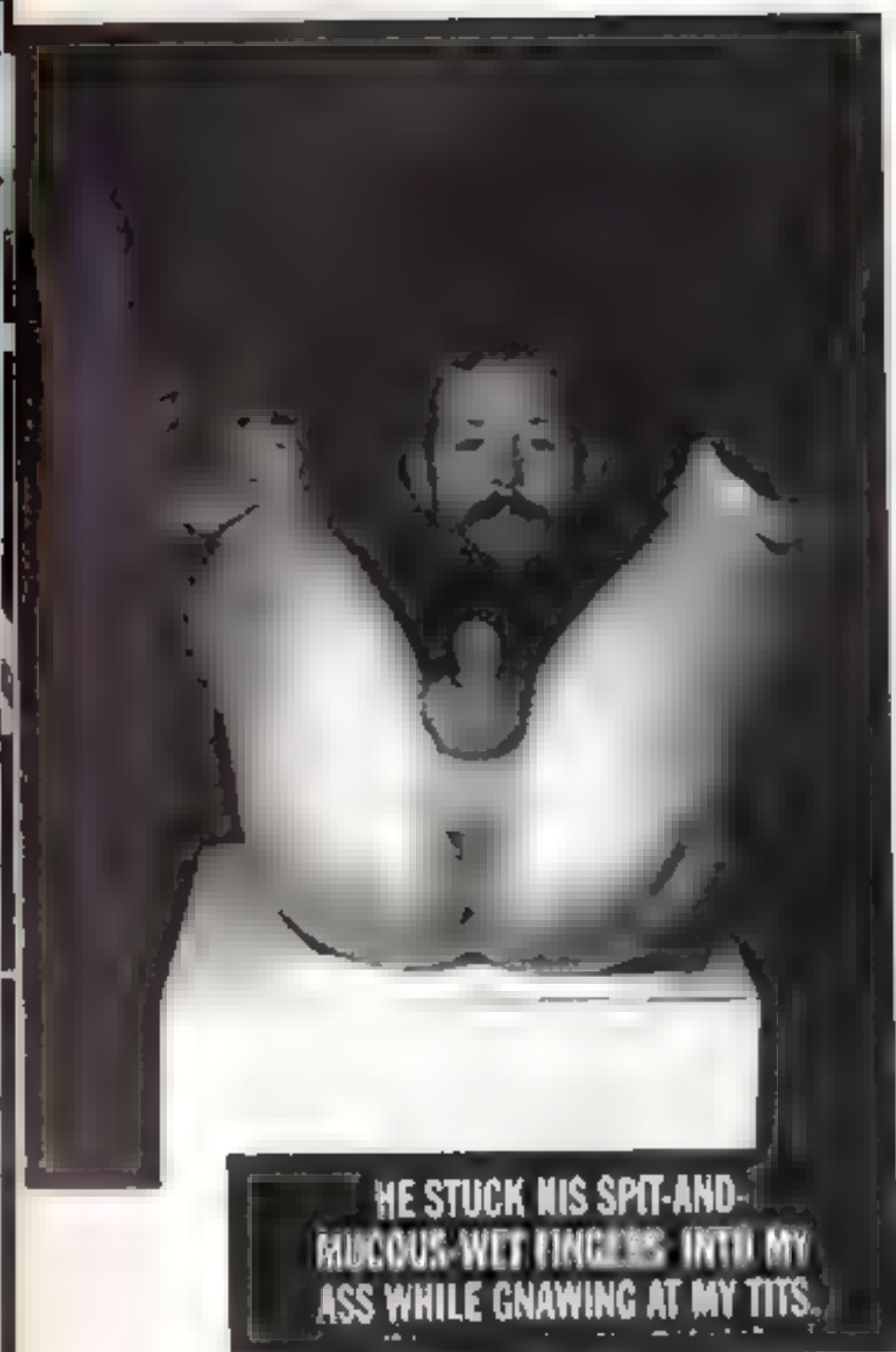
"Need brings us to strange places."

mouth down past his chin, across his neck and to his impressive bicep.

By this time, I see that he has a swastika tattooed on his arm. "Kiss it," he says quietly in my ear, his voice not menacing nor put-on. I place my lips onto the dark lines on his flesh and kiss it. I let my tongue dawdle over it, while he tongues my ear. He is covered with tattoos with no seeming connection: daggers, flames, evil eyeballs, a Gothic creature, stars, planets, a cartoon mouse, a hypodermic needle. Nestled in these sprays of dark and color are

two swastikas, one on each bicep, each sinister and gleaming in their bold simplicity. There is a more ornate swastika on his forearm that looks like it was inspired by a 14th century woodcut. For a minute I think that maybe it is one of those Buddhist symbols unfortunate enough to look like a swastika, legs that turn the wrong way. But buried in the map of his flesh is a flesh-colored cross made of two spikes, the negative space colored red, the center containing a diamond with a black squiggle like a single quote

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
KINK VIDEO



HE STUCK HIS SPIT-AND-MUCOUS-WET FINGERS INTO MY ASS WHILE GNAWING AT MY TITS.

mark inside of it; nearby is a dark elongated N, a sword with a crown piercing through it. I find a German word in gothic script just by his left armpit when I go there to bury my snout in his scent.

We fumble with our trousers, hastily unbuttoning and unzipping, and pushing them down to ankle level. He looks me dead in the eye and says, "Fuck me." He turns around, bends forward and spreads his legs as much as the space will allow. Above his underwear line, above his crack, in a two-inch high open-cut script, he has "White Power" tattooed unflinchingly across the fleshy bit of his lower back, a small patch of hair in the small of his back threatens the sentiment. I spit into my palm and grease up, spit into his ass crack and let the glob of saliva slide into his hole and slip my dick inside of him.

The territory of need brings us to strange places. It's a difficult decision when the chips are down and

you're fucking. If push comes to shove and the cards are in motion, would you fuck that neo-conservative Republican or that spongy Baptist minister if you knew they were who they were, instead of a trick in some tricking spot? Scuzzy trolls who would do in a snap, fucks that will get you out of jams and other serious shit? Like the time I was homeless in Honolulu, living in the 7-11 parking lot, and I ended up tricking with the local teamster's boss with the hard shiny distended beer-gut, bad teeth and constant flatulence, all for pizza and a good sofa. Would I do it differently if I knew better? Like the good-looking trick who turns out to be one hell of a colonialist asshole, as if he lived in a Rudyard Kipling novel and I was to be his Mowgli: while lying on the floor rimming my asshole I let go a squishy spray of shit onto his face, made some excuse about lactose intolerance and left while he sputtered to the bathroom.

Like the old troll who lives in the darkest niche of the bathroom in the bar, giving blow to anyone who waves his dick in front of him; I come in and he's waiting for the next dick, and he grins toothlessly, asks if I want a blow job, I tell him I'm just there to piss the overpriced beer out, he snorts, says, "All these colored guys just love to get their dick sucked, but hey remember, no matter what color your dick is, cum is always white."

Then there was the time I fucked a guy who had a distinct fantasy. He wanted to play INS agent on border patrol. He even had the uniform for it. He told me he wanted to catch me crossing the border illegally and then I'd be detained in a holding cell while I'm questioned and taught a lesson about illegally crossing borders. His imagination is excellent and he played the role worthy of an Emmy as I scampered across his bedroom as if his futon were a high-wire doused with searchlights that

would separate "us" and "them," him and I, as if his brown carpeting were a dusty road, a river; he pounced on me and asked for identification, for papers and I no speaking 'lish, so he stripped me down to my BVDs, made me crouch doggy-style on the bed with my ass sticking in the air while he stood behind, slowly pulling my briefs down. "Take that you stinking Mexican, take that back to your family," he squealed as he came on my ass, then he pulled the briefs up and snapped the band so that his cum squished inside my underwear. I'm putting on my clothes when he says, "I'm sorry, I know you're Chinese but sometimes, I just get too excited."

The porn-boys on the screen, innocuous, shaved and plucked muscle monsters with their vacant stares are going at it beside the pool but no one is paying any attention. He straightens up and turns around suddenly. "Do you like to play rough?" he asks. "Come on, punch me, kick me."

"Show me how," I say. He grabs my neck with one hand and slams me against the wall, with his other hand he smacks me firmly across the head. He leans in and kisses me while grabbing and twisting my balls until my eyes water. He alternates between gentle strokes and rough scrapes, he chews on my dick like a puppy high on rawhide, until my hard-on has turned as flaccid as any seasoned tweaker's. He sticks his hand into my mouth, I suck his fingers and he pushes them deeper until I gag, he takes the spit and mucous-wet fingers and sticks them into my ass while gnawing at my tits. He turns me around and sticks his dick into my ass in one rough movement. There is a short sharp shear of pain and I want to pull him out, I clench my sphincter to calm down, but he's holding me tight, his muscular arm wrapped around me like comfort.

"Just ease into it," he says and

MARKS

**A BLACK LEATHER FAGGOT STUD. I'D
SEEN PICTURES AND HEARD STORIES
ABOUT THESE DEVIANT HOMOS. IN
THEIR UNIFORMS AND ATTITUDES OF
HYPERMASCULINITY, NOT UNLIKE THE
CHOLOS AND SAILORS I KNEW AND
SLEPT WITH.**

By Al Lujan

My sister licked her lips, stuck the needle in her mouth and rolled it around with her tongue. Then she pulled it out and waved over the flame of an orange scented votive candle. She wiped the blackness on it off on her blouse and wrapped the thread around the tip. Tight, white around the point. I sat transfixed and nervous. This was my first time. She held my wrist and reached across me to turn up the tape player, just in case I screamed. The needle was dipped black into the India ink we'd made our mom buy for us. The kind that kids at school don't use anymore. Presenting me with her stuffed Pink Panther she'd won at a carnival on her last run, my sister said "Here, bite his arm, this might hurt a little." I took a deep breath and bit. It tasted like cigarettes and pink, acrylic fur. She tightened her grip on my wrist and put the needle into my shoulder - fast and furious. Tears tried to squeeze their way out and my teeth reached the Pink Panther's wire, femur bone. Despite my sweating and snorting, she wouldn't stop.

...

The second time someone marked me I had just turned eighteen and



was in the Navy. The USS Missouri was docked on pier 23. We were in San Francisco for fleet week from our home port in Long Beach, California. I fled the ship, alone, in full dress blues, which we had to wear on our first day in any port. My backpack contained my civilian clothes that I was ready to change into at the first gas station lavatory.

My eyes were wide and my cap was tilted. My stride was swinging like the legs of my thirteen button navy blues as I left the ship behind me. At the end of the pier, by the street that appeared miles away, I saw a familiar sight. A group of people protesting our presence. Only difference was that this group contained gargantuan, colorful drag queens and a man who caught my eye. He wasn't shouting or shaking his fist. He was just standing there, watching. He was dressed in full leather. Chaps, boots, harness, jacket and cap. Like a big, muscular, black, leather sofa in the sun. He looked out of place yet he looked proud and cocky, leaning tall against the fence that divided us. It was as if he owned the pier.

THE SMELL OF HIS BODY,
BUT ESPECIALLY THE SMELL OF
THE LEATHER, MADE ME HIGH, HARD.

Like a mooring ship, I headed slowly and earnestly towards him. His cap, like mine, was tilted. I wanted to closely observe that golden hair, refrigerator-white smile, and eyes sequestered behind mirrored shades. A black-leather faggot stud. I'd only seen pictures and heard stories about those deviant homos. In their uniforms and attitudes of hyper-masculinity, admittedly, not unlike the cholos and sailors I'd known and been.

We each had our distinct and familiar characteristics. Allies and enemies who would see us dead for being different. Community, fronting hutch, vanity, headbands, armbands, hand signals, salutes, crotch grabbing, fingersnaps, language, haircuts, shaves, piercing, tattoos and scars. He and I weren't so unlike.

So I walked up to him with that headstrong courage that only being a stranger conjures and asked him if he was waiting for a friend or a brother on the ship. My thumping heart drowned out the chants of "Navy go home!"

"Nope," he said without turning toward me. So I split. He followed me. Then I followed him to his Volvo. Beige. I turned back to the ship hoping secretly that I was being watched.

Crossing the city he started talk-

ing to no one in particular. Never turned to look at me or ask me anything. He told me about a dream he'd been having. Of giant Indians riding bareback on giant horses. Hundreds. Each with his face painted black. All of them naked. Galloping furiously over Twin Peaks in the mist. Trampling cars and trees. Wailing siren death chants. I'd only just met the man five minutes ago and here he was telling me his nightmares. I didn't know Twin Peaks from dream analysis from SM and B&D, so I stayed quiet and a little uncomfortable through the ride up the winding streets.

"That is Twin Peaks," he told me as he presented me with a panoramic view from his balcony. I nodded and watched him examine the rolling fog that was blanketing the hillside. He asked me to tell him about myself. I gave him my name and my zodiac sign. Being that I was in San Francisco I felt that that was all he needed to know.

"What's your nationality?" he asked. "I'm an American," I told him, not really wanting to get into where I was from or who I was.

"Un-American?" His luminescent, milk-drinking smile was gone.

"No. Yeah. No. Umm. Can we change the subject?"

He held me by the jaw, turned me around to face the view again. He bit my neck, stepped back and tied a bandanna over my eyes. It was all I could do to suppress a toothy grin as he resumed biting me. "New kid in town," I thought. No one knows me or what's about to happen. That's euphoric. He pulled me around and rested my face on his chest. The smell of his body, but especially the smell of the leather, made me high, hard and had me breathing like a drowning man.

I recalled being a toddler playing in my mother's closet. She'd frequently catch me in there with one of her many purses over my head, nearly suffocating. Caressing her pumps. I think both my mother and

I secretly thought that I'd grow up to be a transvestite. Little did either of us know I was getting off on the scent not the accessories.

"Good sailor boy. Sit back," he said. I rushed with pride of being called good sailor, although the boy part kinda bugged me. I wasn't about to nitpick. Anyway, he was about my father's age. I leaned back against the railing of the balcony, reached down between my legs and yanked open my pants, popping the buttons off. I heard them hit the floor or the driveway two stories down. I hoped, for a second, that I had a sewing kit back on the ship. But I really didn't care 'cause there was in San Francisco, blindfolded on a balcony with my bare ass greeting the city in the presence of a fierce leather daddy.

"Fuck yeah," I thought. "This fucking hot." Then I heard the ripping and felt the pulling of a black thread through my shirt. No needle and thread was gonna remedy that. The blood that was pulsing in my groin rushed to my head.

"Pinche pendejo-muthafucker. What the fuck?" I snapped. With that he yanked my neckerchief and pulled me into a backwards arc. Then he untied it and, using his thumb, stuffed it deep into my throat. He headlocked me and forced me down to my knees with his forearm. Put my head through the bars of the railing. Execution style. Pulled at my arms and secured them with the straps that, I think, were around his wrists. I feigned horror and faked a struggle. Mostly I was pissed. The only thing I mildly feared was cops busting in the door to rescue this obviously kidnapped sailor crucified on the balcony. The and uncertainty.

In that vulnerable position I thought he'd whip, kick, and sodomize me - or cut my head off. I was resigned to chalk any of this up to experience and memory.

He leaned in on me and straddled my back; it ached under his weight.

I felt the cool then hot tip of a pin prick on my shoulder blade. He dragged it down, across and diagonal to form the letter "R." I was sweating and snorting air through my nose. He proceeded. I felt the cool trickles of blood along my midage. I jerked from the chills. The letter "A." I began to struggle for real. I thought, "This white man is gonna put his tag on my body. What was it? Did he tell me, even? Raymond? Ralph? Oh I hoped not. Raven? Rat? Raccoon?" My head hurt thinking of what it was that was gonna scar me. Maybe Jenny Holzer's art text. Rape. Rage. Rain. Rapture. Ransom.

The next letter he cut so deep and effortlessly that I couldn't make it out for the burning and blood that ran down the length of my spine. I prayed that he'd stop at my back. Not cut up my face, my hands. Not my cock or my throat.

I thought about the whispering at my funeral.

He was into some freaky-kinky shit, man. He was just looking for trouble. He was sick, the poor boy," I could hear everyone saying. I almost swallowed the gag. Then the carving stopped. He held me. I felt his face on my back. He smeared the blood across my back with his stubbly chin then dragged it across the mystery word. I moaned, my head still bounced into the bars.

He stood up - and left me there. My shoulders cramped and my back burned. The blood cooled in the wet bars. I heard him return. He stood over me. He smeared my back with some kind of ointment that scorched my wounds. He pulled the blindfold off and plucked the gag out of my mouth. I howled low and deep through my aching jaw. It was night. The lights on the hill blurred through my tears. He smeared his hands over my face to silence me. He loosened the restraints around my wrists.

...

I loved and hated my sister for hurting me. For marking me. For doing her duty and protecting me in a neighborhood of boys older than their years. Boys who were already inquiring "Why yo little brotha' always actin' like a bitch?"

My sister brought street knowledge home with her each time after she ran away - and I was grateful for it. She made me use the same needle on her that she'd just used on me to tattoo an outline of a teardrop onto her face, by her right eye. My hands trembled. I was terrified of plucking her eye out. She'd elbow me every time I jabbed her without breaking the skin. She said it symbolized the trials she faced as a teen runaway. I told her I heard that it meant "doing time." She said, "Same thing." Not knowing, at sixteen, there would be far worse, darker teardrops with time.

It was unprecedented that a twelve year old would sport a tattoo with the initials of the neighborhood gang on his arm. Even third and fourth generations of cholo families, the kind of family where Grampa wears zoot suits with threadbare elbows and Pee Wee drives a bomber older than his father. Even they waited till the boys were at least fifteen to get tattooed.

My sister assured me that she was in, and since I was family, that meant I was in. If you grow up within a gang you don't have to be jumped in. That was fine with me, since like my sister, I was already seduced by gang life. By the slicked back hair, the creases from shoulder to toe, the shoes, the way they walked, talked, stood their macho ground and fought for each other. How they taught me to hate cops "just because that's the way it is."

I felt pride matching the graffiti on some garage door to the block letters that appeared blue on my brown skin. The sense of community and belonging that I, as a child born in another country, needed to feel. The sense of anarchy in a world full

of rules. I displayed my badge, my pass, my power. With sleeves rolled up, my bare shoulder forged my way through Jr. High without incident. Then I was bussed across town so it didn't mean shit anymore.

To the day she died, I never let my mother see my tattoo. I couldn't do that to her. My sister, though, got a good slap for messing up her face. She never let on that I did it for her. My Ma said that her punishment was to wear that teardrop for the rest of her life. Eventually, my sister would run away again - for the last time.

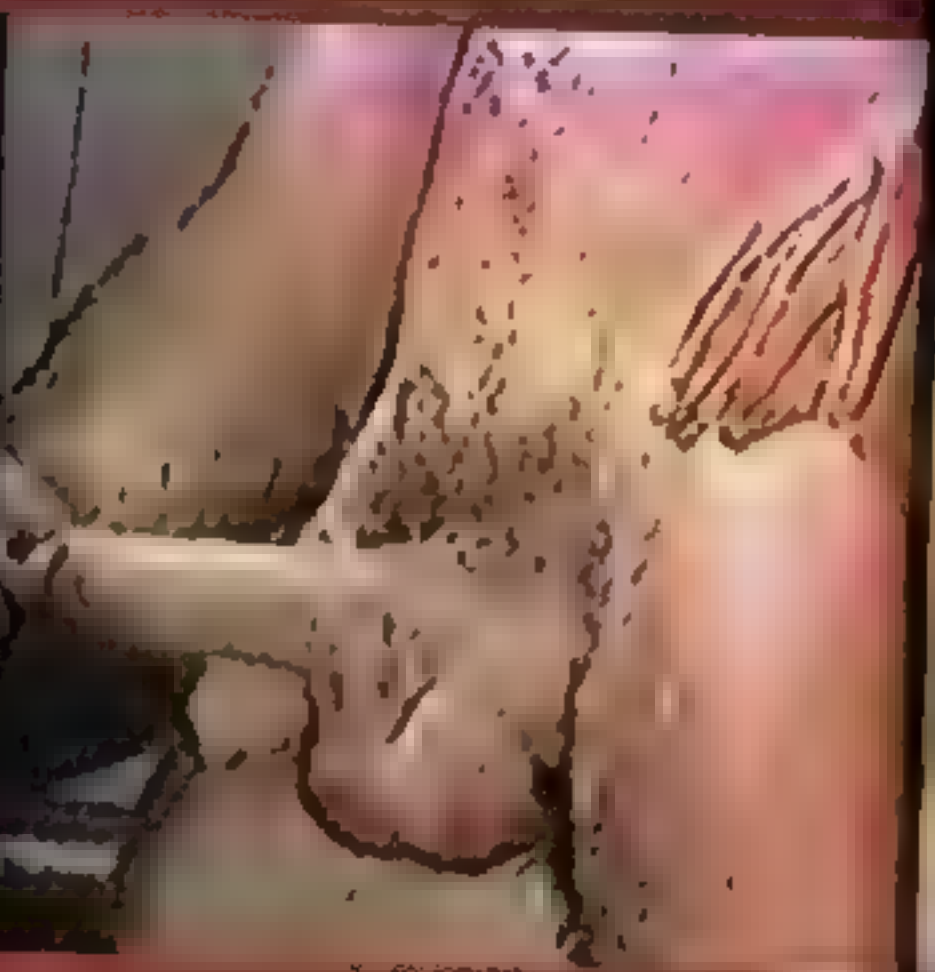
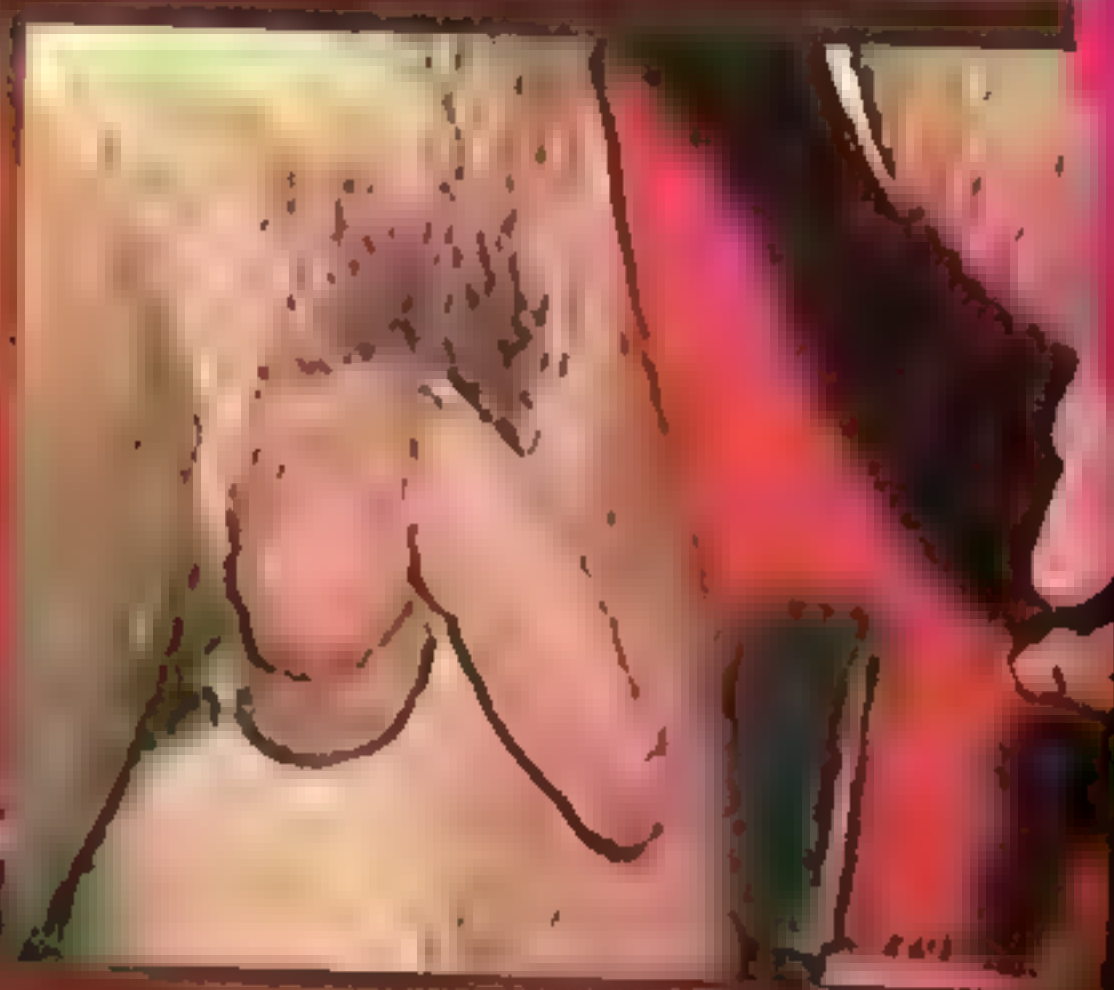
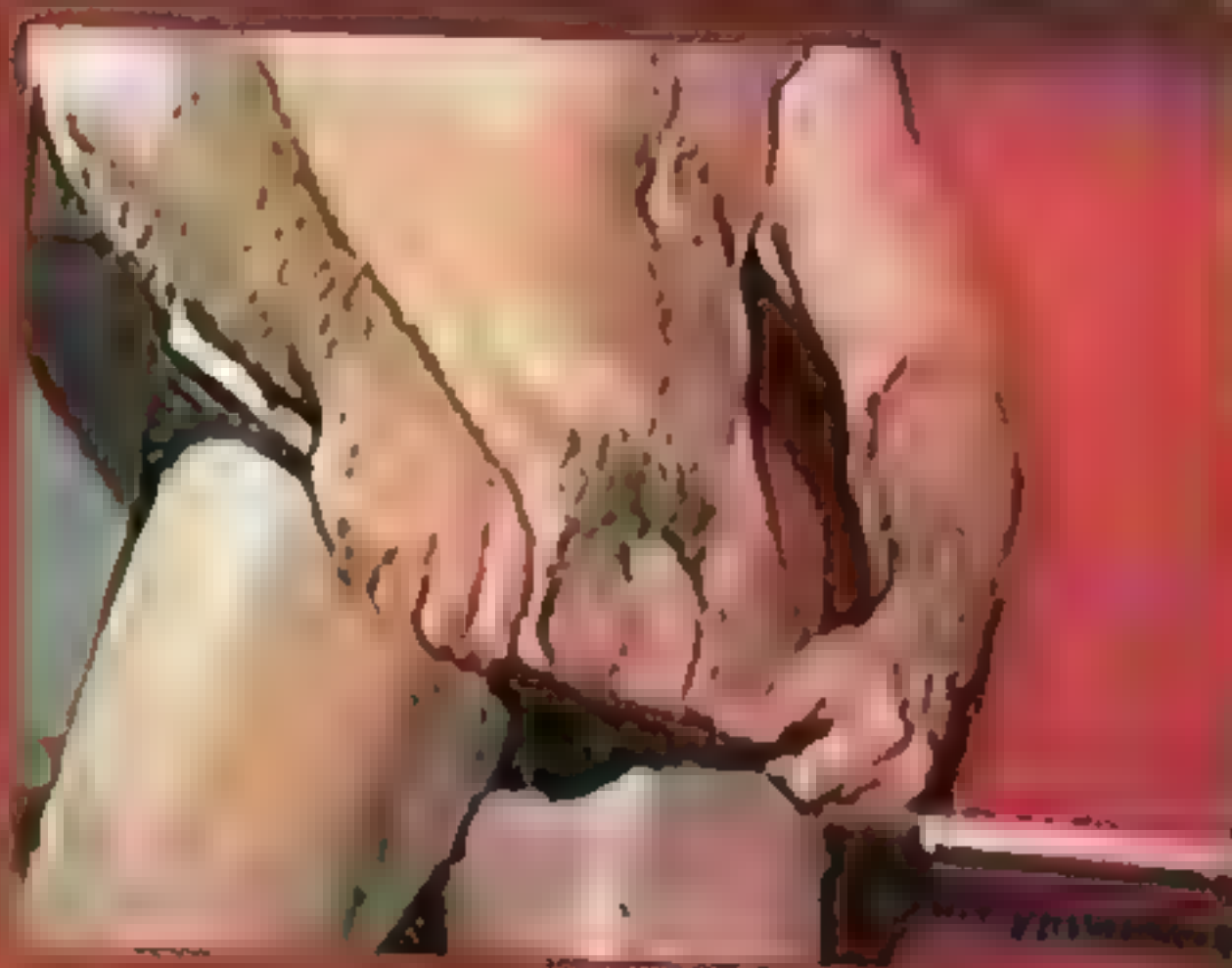
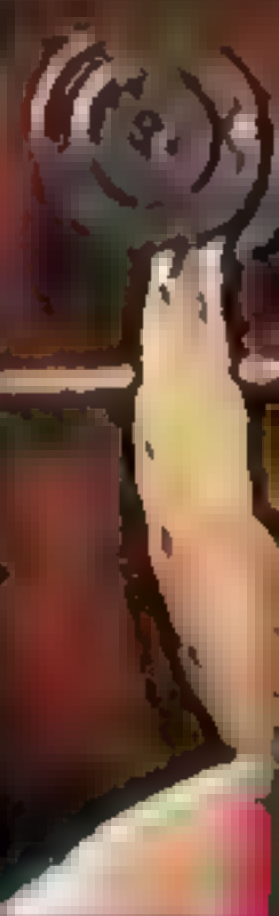
...

Even his jacket and shades were on. His face was smudged with my blood. I pushed him back, picked up my backpack by the door and ran into the bathroom. I looked over my shoulder to the mirror. My eyes widened and my mouth fell open.

From the balcony I heard him yell at the top of his lungs. "How do you like it? Huh? How do you like it, motherfucker?" I didn't. I was in a frenzy, trying to wash off the black paint from my face with hot water. Wiped my back with his dirty, white towel. I thanked God it wasn't permanent ink. I pulled my shorts and a tee shirt from my backpack. Put them on but left my government issue black shoes and socks on and headed for the door. He tried to block me with his size and crazy, bloody smile. I slugged him with the force of every one of my ancestors. His nose shot blood onto my fist before I could retract it. I picked off the keys on the left side of his belt and bolted through the door.

I drove out over Twin Peaks as he screamed off his balcony something about my "punishment for life." I returned an old Mexican malediction and vow of vengeance. I drove across the city to nowhere in particular since I couldn't get back on my ship without my uniform and with a bloody, white tee shirt that read: RACIST. No, I didn't like it at all.

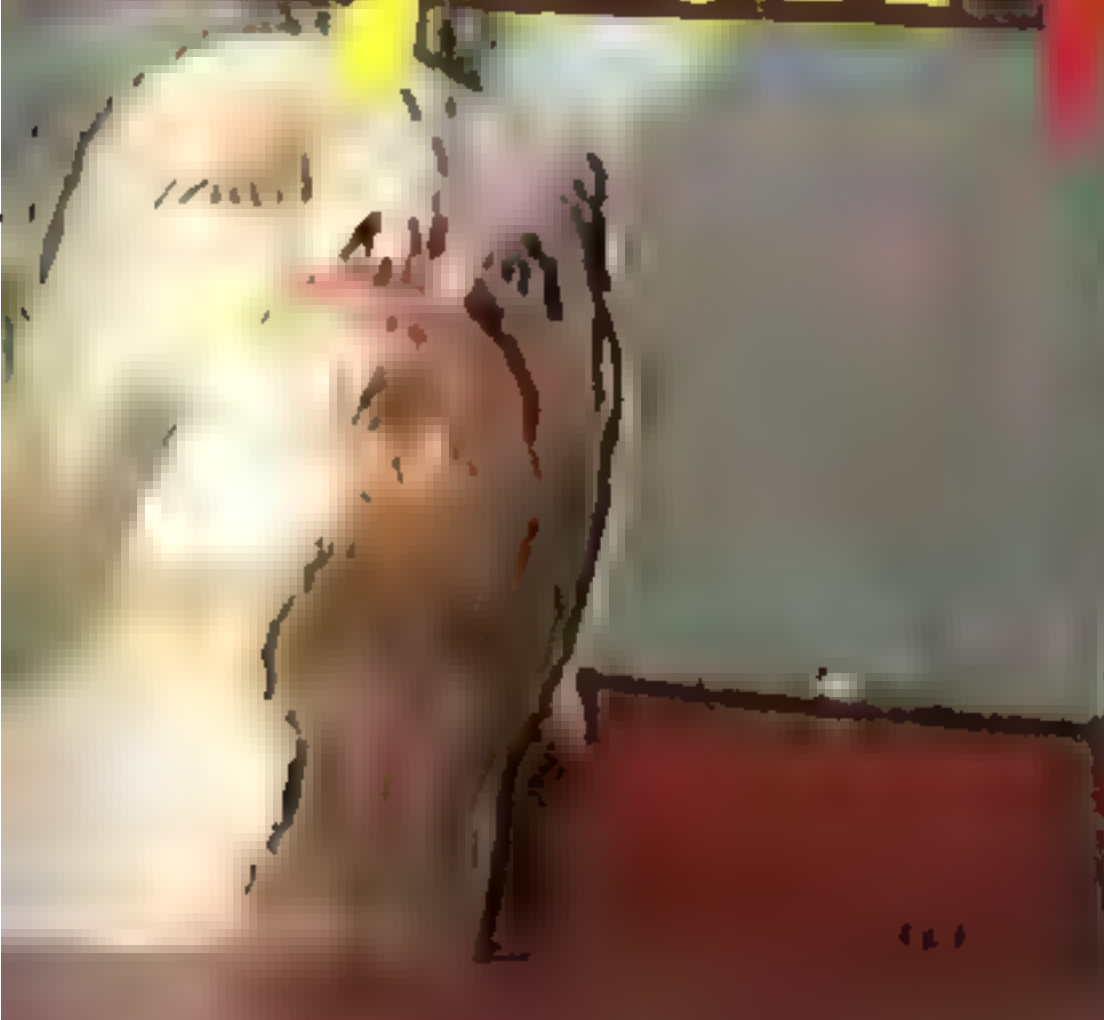
GYM JOCK



Photos of Dave Gold's Gym Workout, by Palm Drive Video



Ultimate muscles sweat soaked shorts in jock pumps iron





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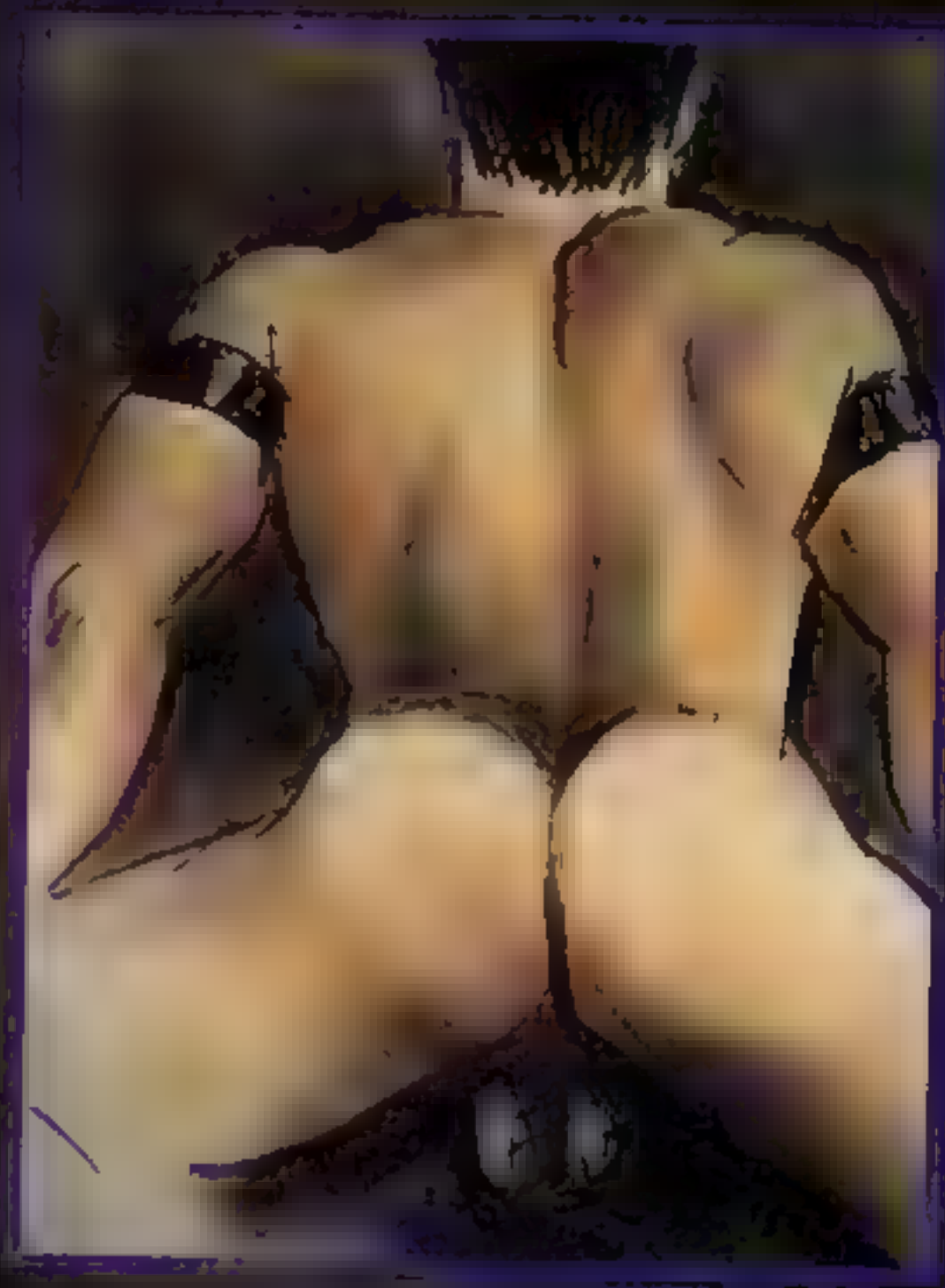


**GYM
JOCK**

King



The Art Of YVON GOULET



Yvon Goulet's work consists mainly of drawings and printmaking on paper. This medium makes it easier to access the international market because it is cheaper to ship the works overseas. He particularly likes working with computers and using them to help create his artworks.

The artist has lived in Montreal for five years and is currently doing portraits of the "Village." He first takes photographs and then scans the images into his Macintosh computer. He then photocopies and prints the images on recycled advertising board made of plastic. With some colors already printed on the advertising board, each print is unique. The prices of his artwork range from \$50 to \$1000.

Mr. Goulet doesn't believe in homosexual art, per se, but rather tries to express his emotions as a human being working in his environment. He does not see himself as an activist since he doesn't feel he has answers and instead tries to raise questions with his art.

More information regarding his artwork can be obtained by writing to:
Yvon Goulet
2170 Rue de Paris
Montreal, Quebec Canada H3K 1V1

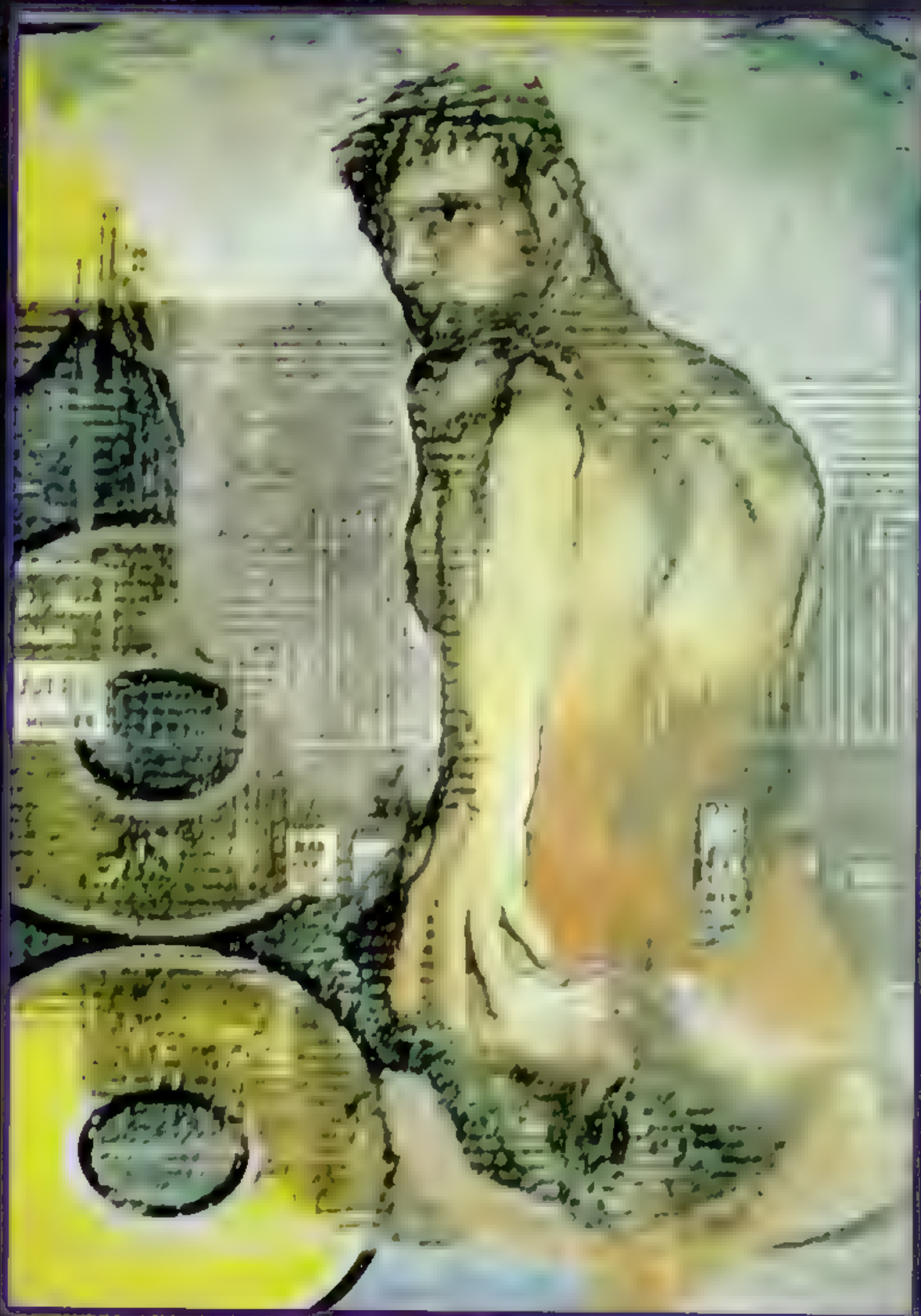
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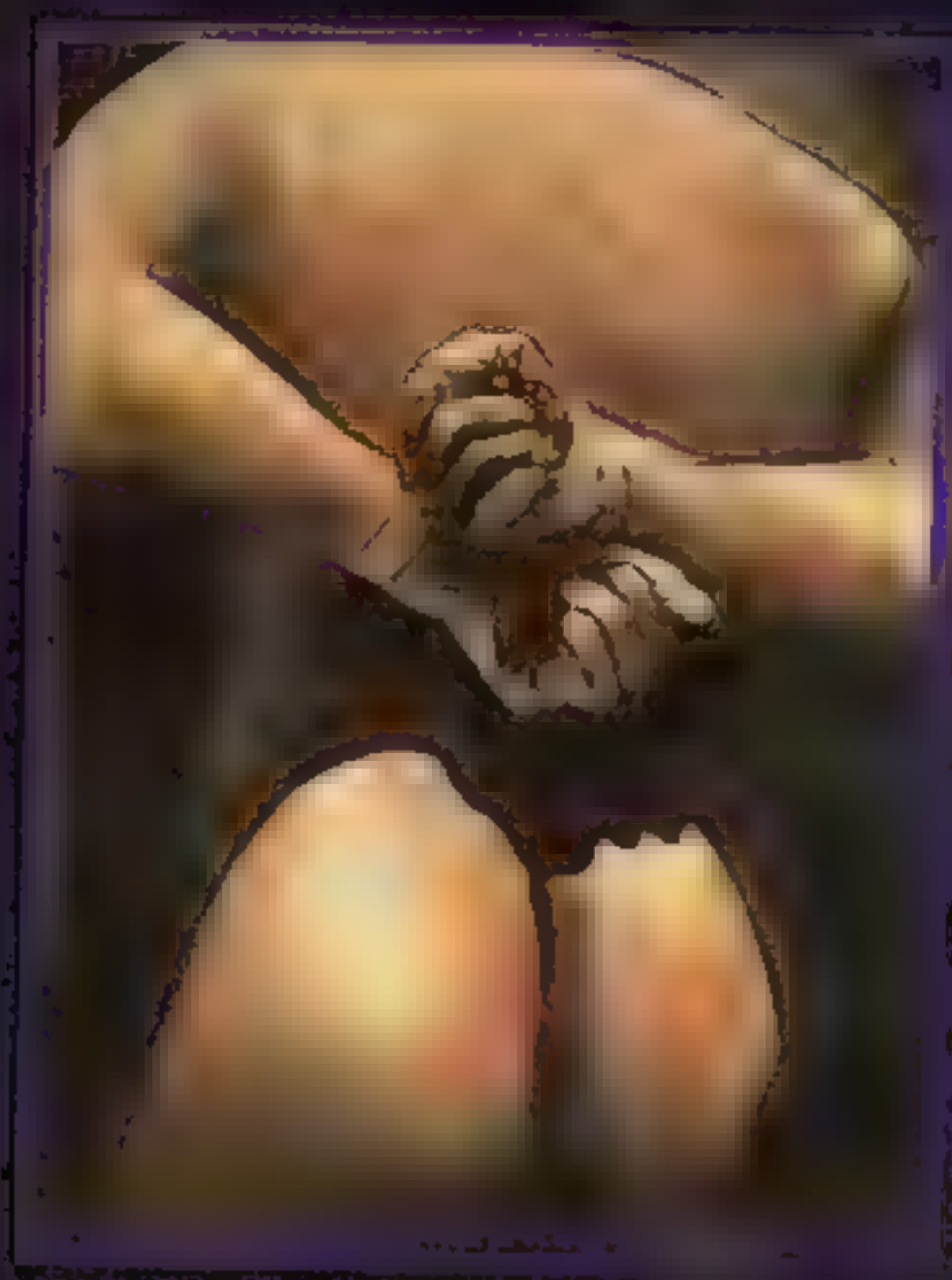



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The Art Of YVON GOULET



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HUSTLER BARS: TRICKS OF THE TRADE

By www.JackFritscher.com

Gay sex is free. So a hustler bar is a strange place for a gay man, because a hustler bar is not "gay." There are hustlers. There are johns. Neither leads a particularly urban-gay lifestyle. Rough trade tricks are essentially straight. Johns are essentially out of the gay circuit, often young, and not necessarily "rich." Neither cares much for the gay bars of Weho, Castro, or Soho. The johns prefer lower-class "straight" males who don't fuck up sex with sentiment. The hustlers prefer, not necessarily men, but money. Sex is an easy means to cold, hard cash in trade for hot, hard cock.

In a gay bar, the reciprocity is sex for sex. In a hustler bar, it's sex for money. So there I sat, in Los Angeles, in a hustler bar, on a stool near the juke box. I had to remember that the johns, many of whom were more attractive to me than were some of the hustlers, aren't looking for mutual gay sex. They're looking for a "straight" guy who will ball them the way sex used to be before sex was a lifestyle. The mutual satisfaction is a combo of money, power, and sex.

So there, in LA, I stood, leaned, sat, paced, leaned, smiled, watched, cruised with fifty bucks hot in my jeans, begging to pay for it, so I could cross the line and know what the fuck it felt like to buy my way into a specific section of street-smart, low-life, talk-show trash that without cash no gay man has any access to. Rough trade tricks are usually born in trailer parks in the American south, raised in foster homes, tattooed in juvenile facilities, saddled with one or two young sons



by 15-year-old bitches, and are educated in prison where the one important lesson they learn is that gay men are an easy mark.

I felt as confident as a kid in a candy store. Actually, a john need never fear rejection, because all he has to do is flash more money at the young and the dangerous. The lower classes are eternally attractive to the middle and upper classes. (Ask Pasolini, the martyred Patron Saint of Rough Trade!) Even heterosexually, every class knows what it's for. No matter what sex trip johns want—SM, rough trade, suck/fuck, water sports, dirty feet, you name it—anything goes in a hustler bar where the level of play is the kind of primal sex once found in rest stops, YMCAs, bus stations, and carnival midways with mechanics, sailors, hitchhikers, and gypsy men with dirty fingernails who'd do anything for a buck.

The natural-born rough-trade hus-

tlers, in their wonderful anonymity, danger and wild taste, should not be confused with the slick urban hustlers who advertise through "Models Classifieds" in gay papers where the "muscle sex" or "performance sex" is highly stylized ritual. Gay hustlers are high contrast. Rough trade is just plain basic, fundamental what-it-is.

It's Friday evening becoming Friday night on a full moon, and I end in LA, and the two camera men and hustlers and johns sport with each other like friendly Montague and Capulets. If, in America, money can rent you what you want, then a hustler bar is almost as close as you can get to sex-with-satisfaction, practically guaranteed. Hustlers, in fact, invariably "can guarantee" a man, we'll have a good time."

Twenty-five bucks, average, to rent a john a hustler for the first time, just some laid-back trading, just his dick sucked until the john cums. A return bout costs more. Prices vary depending on the time of night, the night of the week, the proportion of johns to hustlers, the specifics of the sex trip the john wants out of the hustler. Frequently, there's cab fare on top of about ten bucks tacked on to the "boy" has done his best at putting out a good performance, the essence of hustling, after all, is business. And a taxi to a hustler is the universal symbol equal to a limo.

A tattooed, well-built, blond, well-fed hustler with a buzz cut eyes on the jukebox and heads to the jukebox. He plays "I Don't Want to Walk Without You." I stand up and move in close to him, a quarter in my sw-

and, and scan the selections for a
actual reply. My choice: "Hit Me
th Your Best Shot." We listen to
music, eyeing each other. Who is
matador? Who is the bull? He's
wary that I am.

"You wanna beer," I say.

"Yeah," he says, "Bud."

At the bar service station, a john
over to me. "That one," he
pointing at the blond goatee
hug his butt against the jukebox,
do it for twenty bucks. He's
why. Likes to get blown and
have his ass eaten. He's quiet.
don't have me, I know. He's a bit player
Kab. It movies. Action-adventure
once I've licked all those tattoos on
c f... I sucked on him for maybe
hour and jerked myself off. But,
god, when sex combines with
we say, I think of the stereotype that
ought to be old and ugly and
energetic. Well, I'm not yet old or
y But the degeneracy of paying
sex squats awkwardly on my
a hand this night in this hustler bar. I
a... to myself that my bourgeois
ance is much ado about noth-

Actually, I find I really have an
out politically correct "attitude"
I going through with this pay-
play trip even with this guy
dy would believe would have
with a man unless he actually
paid!

I remember the words my buddy
Reliable, who lives to love hus-
tlers, said to me earlier in the
morning: "Hustlers are actors. You're
producer. You got the money.
You also the director. Hustlers are
theatrical artists. They'll do as little
romance art as they can. Unless
direct them. Pose! Flex! Beat
your meat! Let me suck your
cock/uss! Sit on my face! Spit
on my face! Shit on my face! The
cock can go up. Don't come off
it. Offer forty dollars for open-
er. If you hit it off, if you want
more than to suck him off as trade
for he kicks back and smokes, if
you let him to rough you up a lit-
tle, you could ten bucks. You want him

to pose for some Polaroids, add
another fifteen. You want to shoot
some video footage, add thirty. You
want him to sleep over, add ten. You
want him to cuddle, add five, and
breakfast. And tip him by giving
him some of your clean socks."

Hiring a hustler is like ordering a
la carte. You get exactly what you
want. (And that makes hustlers basi-
cally "safe sex," because you control
the fluid exchange.)

"This is Hollywood," Old Reliable
said. "It's a circus. But at least it's
the Big Top. All the movie stars and
TV people hire hustlers. Judy
Garland loved rough trade boys.
Rock Hudson loved pay-for-play
tricks. Stars pay for performances
because they themselves are paid for
performances. Hollywood is where
America brings its dreams. You can
hire your fantasy. The world's great
performances aren't on screen. Great
performances take place in the
sack."

I hand Blue-Eyes-with-Buzz-Cut
his Budweiser. I want to proposition
him. I want to do it. But I can't. He's
so shy or sly, he's not helping. Why
do I have to pick the quiet type? I
came out tonight prepared with cold
cash to be nasty, to go slumming, to
fucking buy sex! How un-American
to suddenly become a reluctant con-
sumer.

I feel the power is in my pocket:
the cash. I think: Show him the
money!

God! Blue-Eyes-with-Buzz-Cut is
hot as a street in Venice Beach! The
kind of sweaty macho based on the
kind of clean you can maintain
when you're living out of a knap-
sack and brushing your teeth at an
IHOP. He's my speed. In a post-
Judas minute, I'd take him straight
to the bar room toilet, flop him back
against a urinal, and, do him - if
only coins weren't changing hands.

Then good old lust, like cavalry
riding over the ridge in the last reel,
develops its own logic. I stare into
his incredible eyes. Hustling, I ratio-
nalize, is the world's oldest profes-

sion. Moral-religious trips can't
reject thousands of years of sex-the-
ater history. I laugh at my puritani-
cal head, but take very seriously my
hardening dick that has no con-
science. He takes a swig of beer and
peers at me hard. Inexplicably, I
blurt out: "I want to exploit you."

"Cool," he says.

Nervous as a virgin-bidder at a
white-slave auction, I say: "Ya
wanna mess around for fifty bucks?"

Fifty? Why did I say fifty? My
subconscious is worried whether or
not he'll like me. I forget rough
trade doesn't give a fuck about me.

His blue eyes pierce into my face.
"You ain't a cop, are you?"

Flattered - god, I'm such a kveen!
I say, "No."

His face lights up. He actually
says, "Show me the money." Hustlers
are able to work out deals
with a john in a heartbeat. "Let's
go," he says, and we stroll out
together, with the bar full of johns
and hustlers watching our cool-as-
shit exit.

Before all, for a hustler, \$ = sex.

After all, for a john, sex = \$.

That night, Blue-Eyes-with-Buzz-
Cut was what he has long been: a
terrific piece of ass. That night, I
became, at least for once, what I had
long had an attitude about: a john.
Mmm, I mean, a patron of the arts.

It was more than okay. It was hot!
It was a perfect relationship.
Pleasurable. Easy cum. Easy go. No
hassles. No personal baggage about
his old lady pregnant in some Motel
86 on Sunset Boulevard. No listen-
ing to some gay guy dysfunctioning
about his 12-step program. Hey!
That night of my initiation into LA
hustler bars proved, I guess, there's
no business like show business. Plus
if you ain't getting what you want,
go rent!

*Jack Fritscher is the author of "Some
Dance to Remember," a novel about
the 1970's circus of rough trade sex
in San Francisco.*

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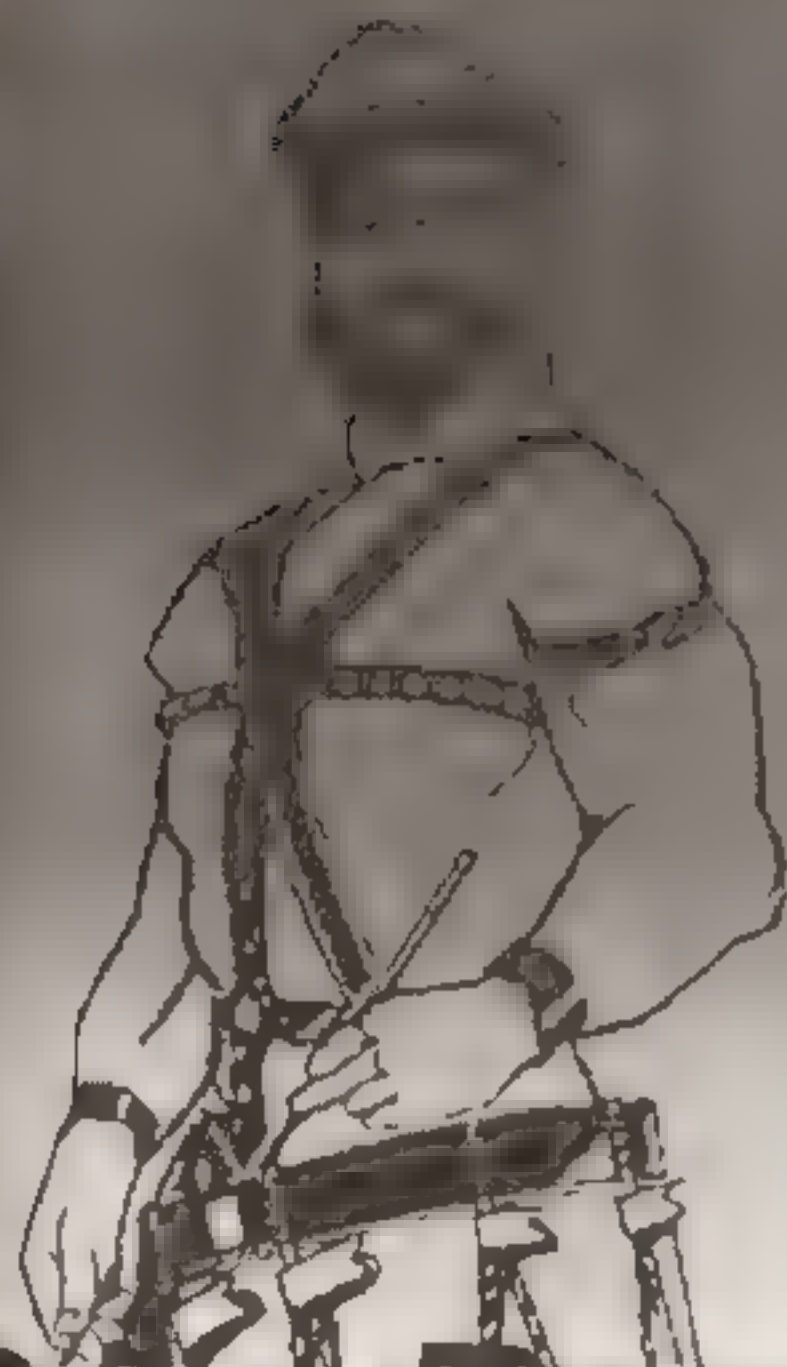
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DRUMBEAT

Bear Evolution

The following quote came to us over the wires of the gay news service *Gaywire*: "This is the run-down of some of the off-putting the Bear Community has helped create: they are hairless Bears. They are the folks who are hairy, but don't consider themselves big enough to be Bears. They are a more aggressive variety of (usually into SM)."

*John Caldera, Bear columnist for the San Francisco gay magazine *Drummer**

P-town Takes On New Meaning

One of the six Latin King gang members on trial for murder, drug dealing and extortion in Providence, Rhode Island

stood up, turned his back to the jury and pissed on the courtroom floor. Federal marshals tackled George "King Animal" Perry in midstream and removed all defendants from the courtroom. Perry had asked his lawyer if he could go to the bathroom during closing arguments.

His lawyer passed a note to the judge who stopped the argument and called a bench conference.

While the attorneys conferred, not waiting for the ruling, Perry took out his penis and urinated before the shocked courtroom. After the incident, U.S. District Judge Mary Lisi banished Perry to a cell for the rest of the trial. She later relented after 22-year-old Perry apologized.



Yale University student Rick Morris is the new Mr. Connecticut Leather. See story on page 41.

Russians Fucked By Hard Times

The demands of a free market economy can be a little rough at first. Just ask the workers at the Akhtubra factory in Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad, in southeast Russia). According to the *Economist*, cash flow being as it is these days in the former Soviet Union, workers were paid their February wages in the product manufactured at the plant.

The factory which used to produce marine navigation equipment was forced to pay workers in their current line of consumer goods: rubber dildos. Even worse,

when workers tried to sell the dildos to local sex shops, they found that "the market had moved on to electronic vibrators and insert dildos were unsalable."

As a gesture of post-cold war goodwill, *Drummer* inquired about purchasing the surplus toys but our calls to the Russian consulate in San Francisco remain unanswered.

Hanging's Too Good For 'Em

Four members of the Jim Rose Circus were arrested in Lubbock, Texas, on a misdemeanor charge of breaking an adult enter-

tainment law. They were later released on bond but three face a \$500 fines and a fourth faces up to \$1,000 fine for allegedly yelling profanities during the arrest.

"They're not your average circus and they were definitely doing things that belong in a nightclub," said Police Officer Mike Crain of the Mexican Transvestite Wrestlers who performed only briefly in the north-west Texas town.

The defendants expressed disbelief that authorities would object to cinder blocks hanging from hooks attached to their nipples, a signature part of their act. Circus Operator Jim Rose called the Lubbock Police "small town bullies" whose actions were out of line.

"They had a problem with the Mexican Transvestite Wrestlers Show simulating a sex act," complained Rose. "It's certainly like no sex act I've ever seen."

Now if there had been ball weights involved, we might have understood making such a fuss.

2 Out of 3 Comics Recommend

The following routine, quoted in Out Magazine, is from the repertoire of well-known gay comic Danny Williams

"For years, my lover and I lived in the suburbs. Our next-door neighbors were Jehovah's Witnesses. Pretty much who I would pick to have



Comedian Danny Williams

as neighbors, right? They thought nothing of coming to my house with their copies of Watchtower and Awake and telling me to live my life the way they did. I never went to their house and said, "Here's a copy of Drummer. I want you to have your nipples pierced by tomorrow."

We are planning on using this and more of Williams' ideas during our new subscription campaign in Utah.

Crotch Team

Every small business must address the sensitive issue of sexual harassment. The latest self-help book for business, with the ambitious title of "The Book That's Sweeping America; Or, Why I Love Business" by Stephen Michael Peter Thomas (Wiley, \$17.95) suggests strategies for dealing with this delicate

dilemma. The book recommends creating a "Touch Team" consisting of people from Human Resources, Security and other departments which would oversee an "Employee Survey of Touching Habits and Attitudes" to assess the employee's level of concern and tolerance for touching. Some of the sample questions:

- When is a slap on the butt appropriate?
- How long should a handshake last?
- What do you do if a colleague's foot "bumps" yours under a conference table?
- Should European men be allowed to kiss American men? (Of course, we thought this one was required by international law.)

Here at Drummer, being the 90's kind of organization we are, we were eager to comply with the new etiquette of

business. However, the industry is somewhat unique. So, to customize the survey for our purposes, we have expanded the survey to include:

- Can withholding punishment be considered harassment?
- At the weekly Showings, who takes notes while the secretary's on the rack?
- Which staff member should be designated to sleep with the printer when necessary to get the magazine printed?
- Should he be chosen for seniority?

- When interviewing a Drummer model, is it considered polite to pick up the steel ruler before measuring dick size?
- During off hours if you take a trick into a Drummer office, some of your fellow employees who have a rank than you already there trick with someone is it okay to pull rank or is it cum first serve?

Behind Every Good Representative

We love you Barney, yes we do! We stumped across a delicious piece of the past we thought might interest our readers: "Exceptionally good looking, personable muscular athlete is available. Hot bottom, large endowment, great time." — *St. Gobie's 1985 class ad in The Washington Blade. U.S. Representative Barney Frank, D-*



winners at Rubbout 6 held last April in Vancouver, BC.

at from Massachusetts, shared it. the two men ended, and Gobie then in his prostitution service out of Frank's basement apartment for the next two years.

Rubbout 6 in Vancouver

was a great weekend for everyone who attended Rubbout 6 in Vancouver, BC. From April to sixty-plus men and women from British Columbia, Oregon, and Washington State showed out each other's wares, dined and played at a wide range of Vancouver's rubber-leather establishments. But has it that throughout the weekend "promptu" water

sports kept spouting up and royalty, in the names of Empress XXVI Wanda Fuca and Emperor Marty graced the goings on.

According to Bill "Northwind" Houghton (Head Gummi Bear of

Rubbout) this year's event, co-sponsored by Men In Boots, International (with ticket sales handled by Mr. BC Leather David and Scotty of MIB) was the best Rubbout event ever.

Cell Block Leatherman '97

Over President's Day weekend the new Cell Block Leatherman '97 was chosen. The new title holder, Brian-Mark Conover, will represent Cell Block at this year's International Mr. Leather contest. Judges were Cell Block Leatherman '96, Bill Kelly; International Mr. Leather '96, Joe

Gallagher; Mr. Vulcan Rubber '97, Rich Villagrana; and International Mr. Drummer '95, David W. W. Walker. Guest M.C. for the weekend was Frank Norwicki.

First runner-up was Mufasa, who will compete in the American Leatherman contest. And, second runner-up was Tom Otten. These men prevailed over a field of seven other contestants.

Yaleman and Leatherman?

Thanks to Rick Morris, Yale University now has halls of leather. This third-year student at Yale's Drama School won Mr. Connecticut Leather.

The Tennessee born 220-pound Morris competed at The Brook, in Westport, Connecticut in several categories, including formal leather, jock-strap and the "ultimate leather look."

Reactions at Yale have been positive, says Morris. "Classmates as well as instructors think it's great," he says.

According to Morris one administrator even acknowledged that she often enjoyed frequenting leather bars in her youth.



Finalists in the Cell Block Leatherman '97 Contest.



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If you are anywhere near Loma anytime too soon, beware: you better keep your dick in your drawers because rumor has it that penis-shrinking sorcerers are working their magic, causing men's cocks and balls to take a hike. Actually, police state that pickpockets spread the rumors about cock-shrinking sorcerers so that the sleazebags could better work the frenzied hordes that seemed to track down the alleged dick shrinkers. So, gentleman, check out packages at the border of Ghana.

Celebrate the Maypole

Memorial Day, Armed Forces Day, Mother's Day. As if May didn't have enough going on out with Memorial Day, Father's Day and Armed Forces Day. Leave it to the San Franciscans to have May Masturbation Month. The brainchild of Good Vibrations, the San Francisco-based toy store, Masturbation Month includes a "Guide to Masturbation" screening at a local theater and clips of masturbation scenes from educational videos and videos.

There was also a "Masturbator's Hall of Fame," showcased at Good Vibrations, which honored the courageous fellows who tout the virtues of a good jerk session. Among the nominees are: Dennis

Rodman, Bruce Willis, the Artist Formerly Known as Prince and Seinfeld. Also sponsoring the "Top 10 People to Masturbate To" contest, Good Vibrations is seeking your ten favorite people you think about when you jerk off. For more information (and who knows perhaps sponsor your own JO Hall of Fame call: (415) 974-8980

Jock the Vote

The San Francisco 49'ers, making a play for gay voters for an upcoming referendum on their proposed stadium, announced a new domestic partnership policy. Carmen Policy, the team's president, outlined the organization's plan to offer equal benefits to gay and lesbian partners with great flourish at a recent press conference.

Few of the city's gay football fans were fooled. The team made the move just two months before they would have been forced to comply with San Francisco's domestic partnership standards anyway or lose their relationship with the city.

This only weeks after the 49'ers called the Drummer offices to offer the magazine a high-profile corporate sponsorship, complete with box tickets and photo opportunities with some of the team's star players. The salesman demurred after he was informed of our publication's content.



Are used jockstrap sales next for the S.F. 49'ers?

Considering this new relationship with San Francisco's gay community, it can be only a matter of time before Drummer has another source of beef for its photo spreads.

Meanwhile, we can hardly wait for Used Jockstrap Day.

Officer, I'm Just Pissing

Three men masturbating together in a Munich, Germany, subway toilet did not "breach the peace" or commit "gross indecency," a judge ruled March 24, reported the Sueddeutsche Zeitung.

The men were arrested by two plainclothes police officers who allegedly were looking for drug dealers.

But the judge said the officers would have to have felt personally sexually molested for the charges against the men to make sense.

One of the men, a married Turkish father, denied he was masturbating and explained to the court, in great detail, how his urination ritual might be misconstrued as self-stimulation.

Is A Cock A Turkey?

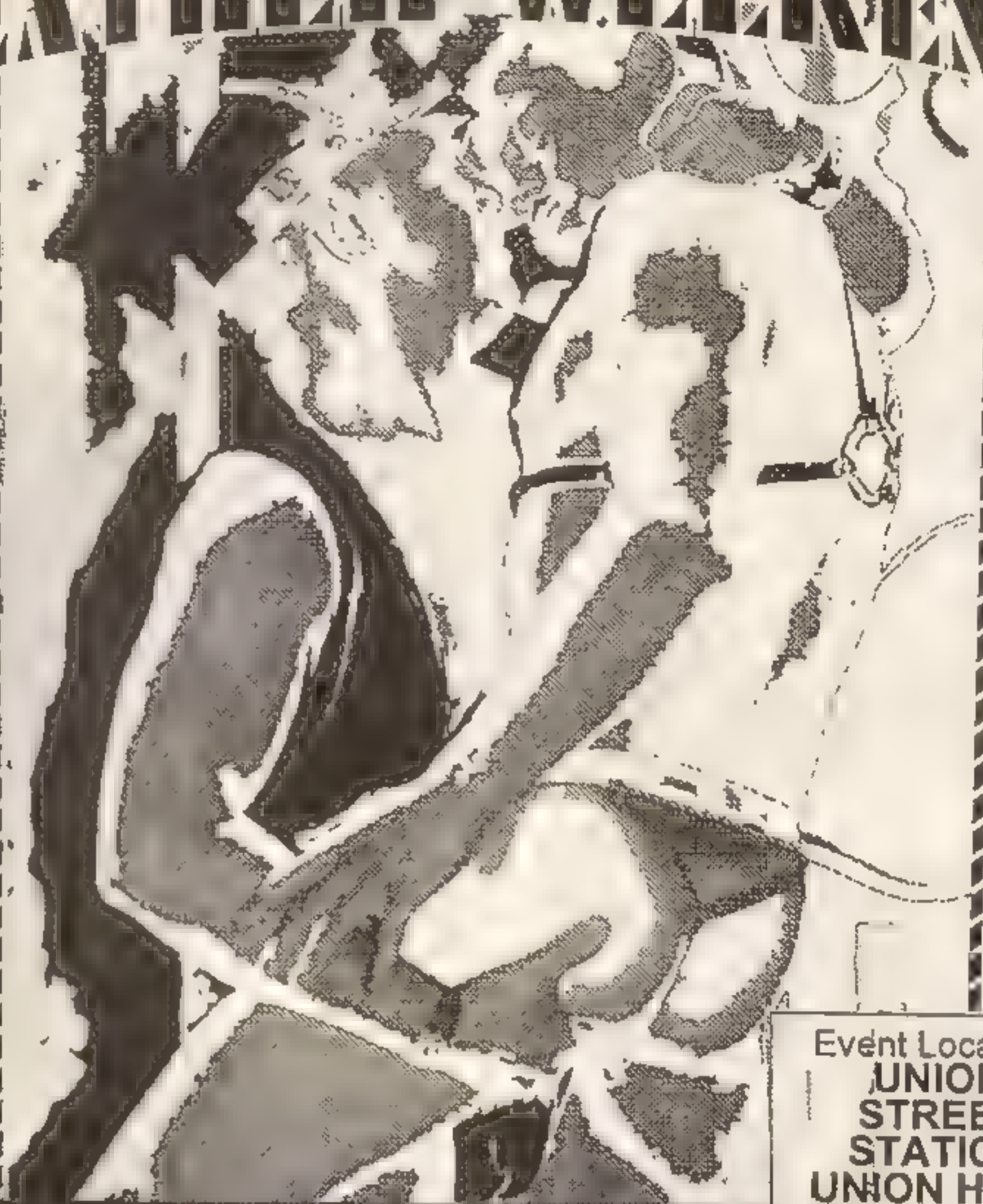
Campy turkeys are the stars of a new Brazilian anti-AIDS campaign.

The word "turkey" refers to both a bird and a penis in Portuguese, just as "cock" does in English.

"The televised turkeys are dressed up like Carmen Miranda, pirates and other festive Carnival characters," explained Andre Caldeira of the Master Communication ad agency, which created the spots. The turkeys also appear on 2.5 million condom-sized wallets being handed out in conjunction with the turkey spots.

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MISTER DRUMMER

The March To International Mr. Drummer 1997

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Drummer contests across the country. The winner of Mr. Local City Drummer and Mr. State

Drummer goes on to compete at one of twelve regional contests.

This year's competitors includes a 31-year-old photographer from Paris, Fabrice van den Bossche, Mr. Drummer Europe.

Mr. Drummer regional contests in the U.S. are held in Dallas, Atlanta, New York, Baltimore, Los Angeles, Denver, Boston, Ft. Lauderdale, San Francisco, Columbus (OH) and this year in St. Louis.

Drummer welcomes The Gateway Motorcycle Club of St. Louis as the new sponsors of the Mr. Great Plains Drummer Contest and the famous Lure bar in New York City as the new sponsors of the Mr. Northeast Drummer Contest.

These twelve men will stand before the crowd in September, and one will be chosen to represent the community. They will bring with them their fantasies and their speeches to a panel of esteemed judges.

From among eleven regional Drummerboys, a new International Drummerboy for 1997 will be chosen.

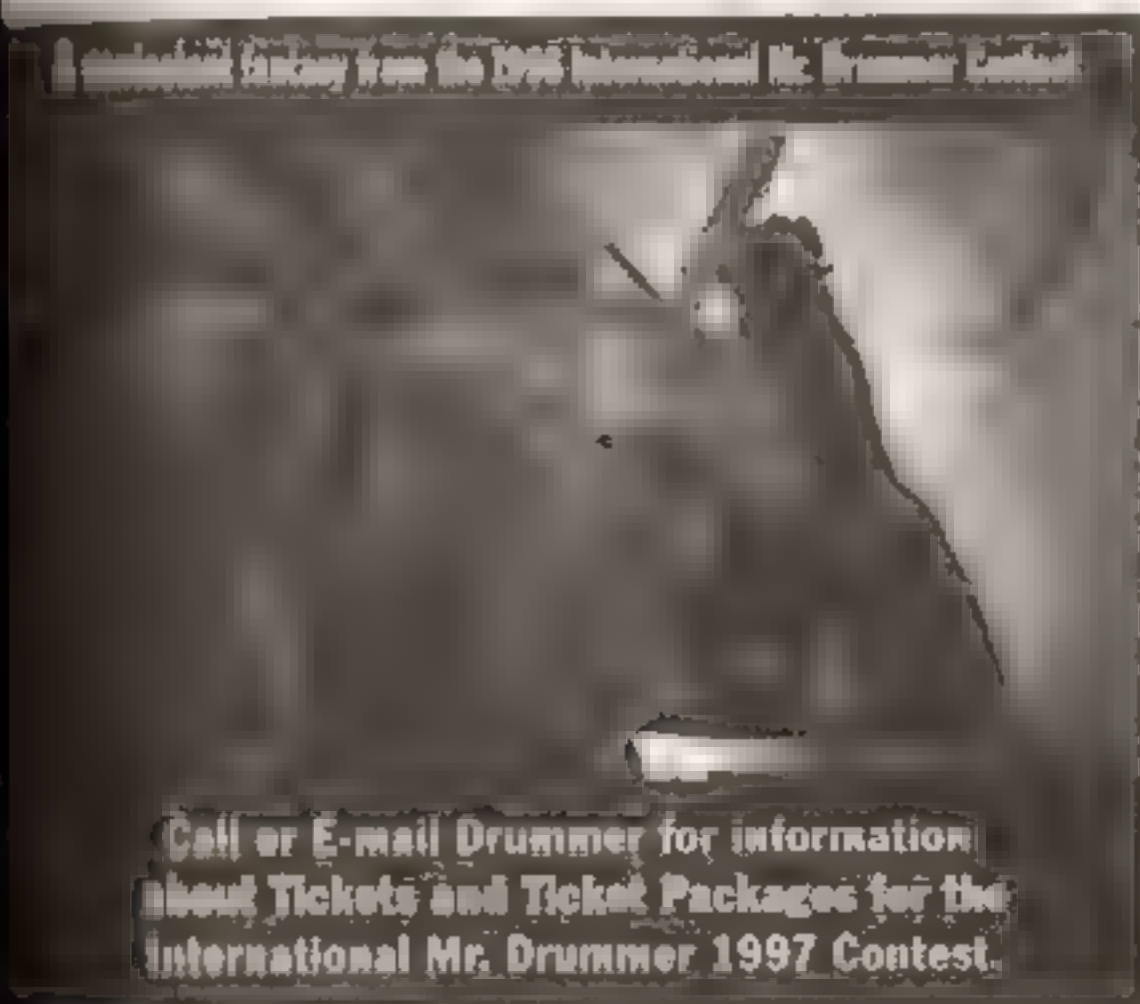
Clubs, bars and community organizations hold local contests.

If you would like to sponsor a local Mr. Drummer contest, contact the Regional Contest Coordinator at P.O. Box 410390, San Francisco CA 94141. Telephone: (415) 252-1195. Fax: 415-252-9574. E-mail at DrummHQ@slip.net



International Mr. Drummer 1997 REGIONAL CONTESTS

- June 15
Mr. Southeast Drummer
Atlanta
- June 27
Mr. Northeast Drummer
New York
- July 12
Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather,
Baltimore
- July 26
Mr. Southern California
Drummer, Los Angeles
- August 2
Mr. Rocky Mountain
Drummer, Denver
- August 2
Mr. New England
Drummer, Boston
- August 9
Mr. Florida Drummer
Ft. Lauderdale
- August 16
Mr. Northern California
Drummer, San Francisco
- August 22
Mr. Great Lakes
Drummer, Columbus
- September 6
Mr. Great Plains
Drummer, St. Louis
- September 27
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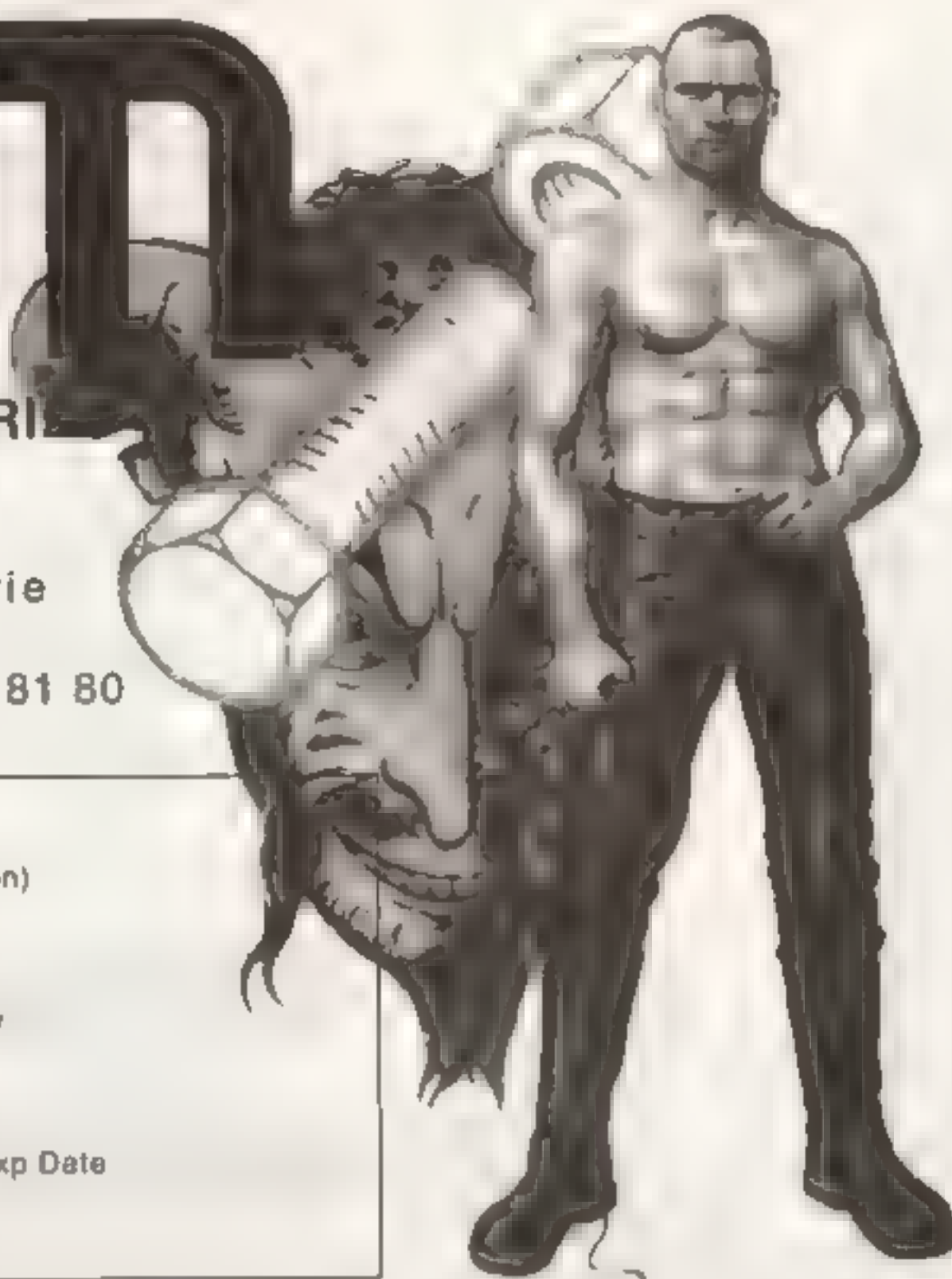
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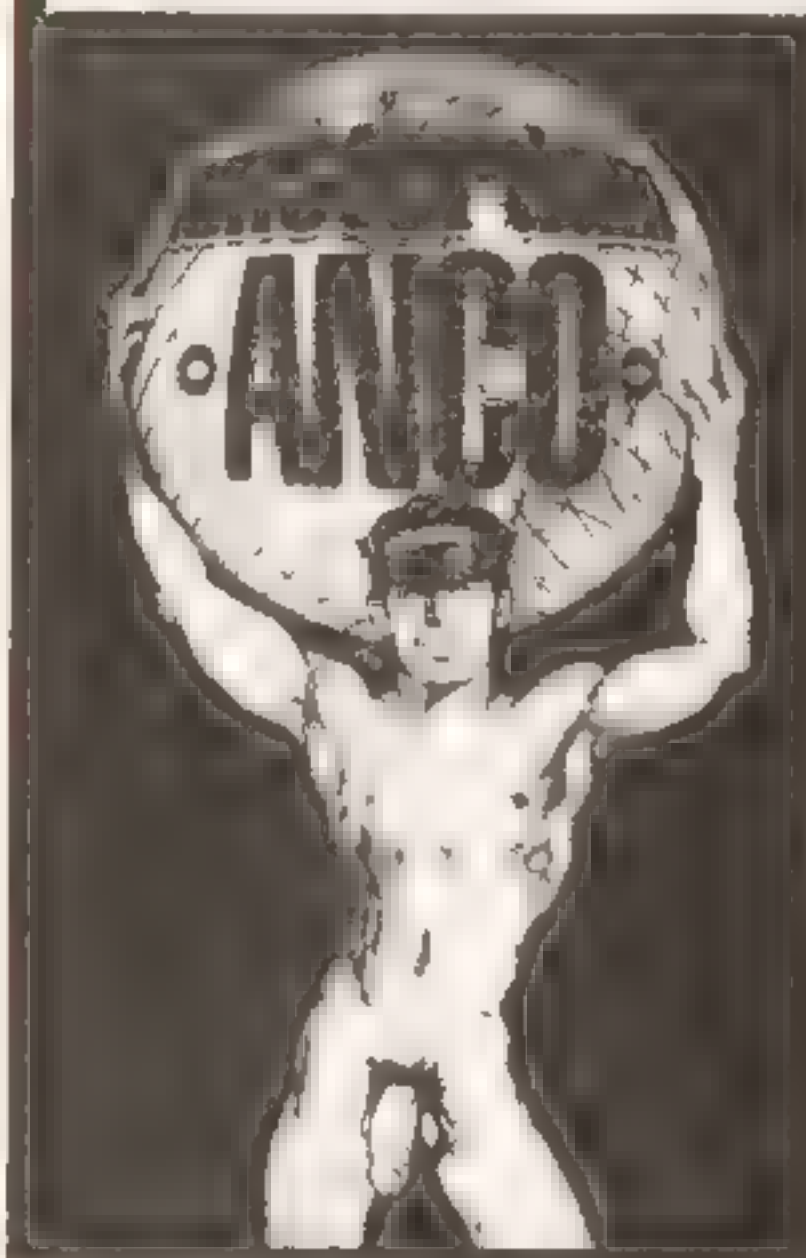
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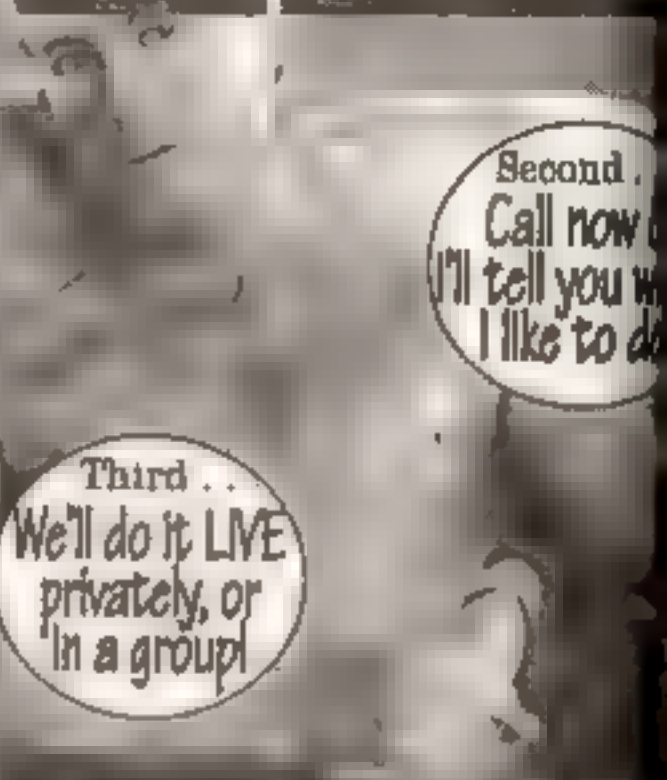
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BOOK SECTION

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BOOK REVIEWS

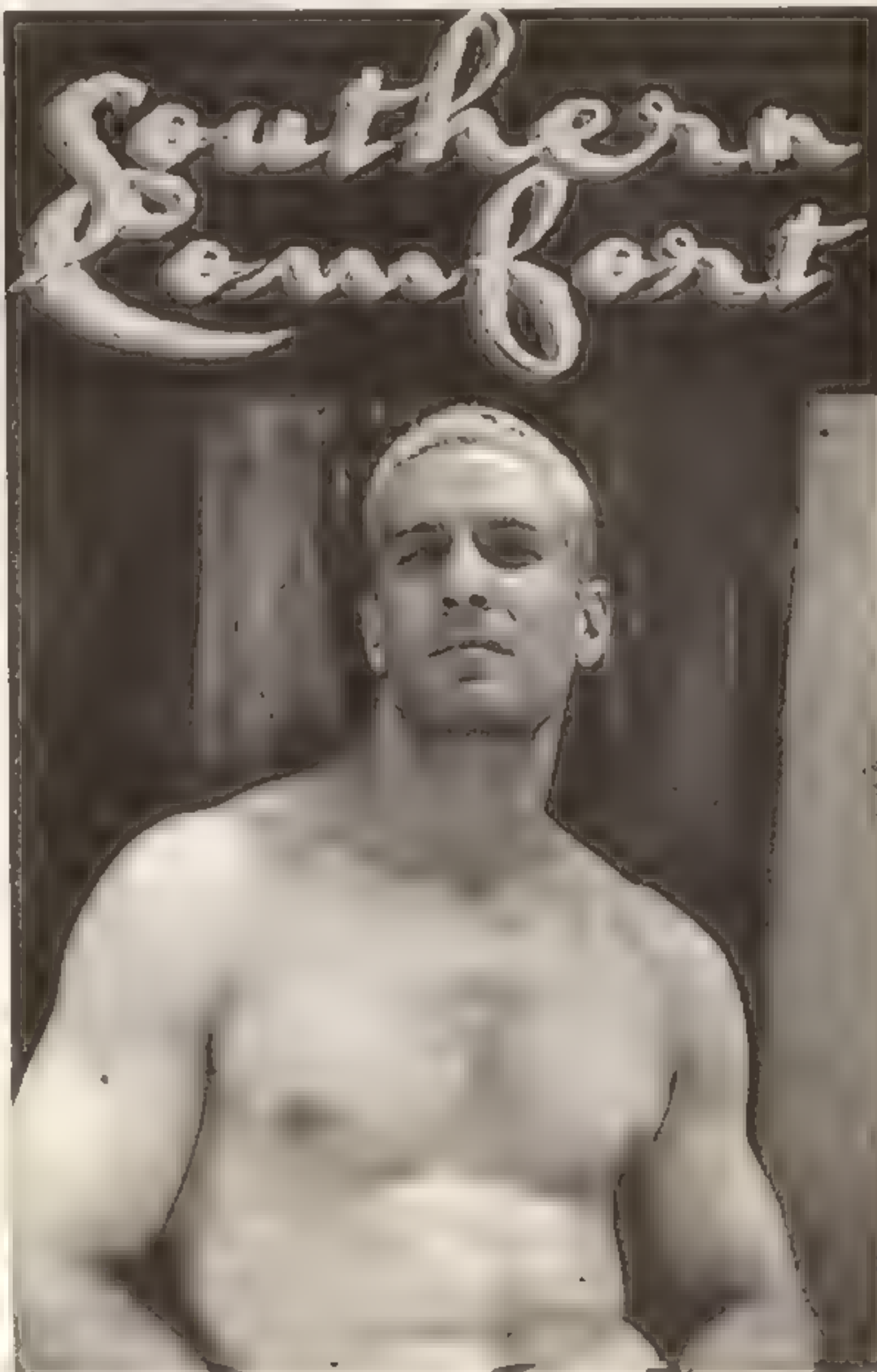
David May

South Comfort

Edited by David Laurents. Published by New York 1001 Second Avenue, New York, New York, 10017, 266 pages, plus notes by the authors, \$6.50.

I approached this book with trepidation. Being the offspring of New England Yankees, I inherited my paranoias for the South, and I had eroticized the South as I have. Whatever my prejudices, however, they were pushed aside (though occasionally condescending) in reading this delicious compilation of erotic short fiction about the American South.

Laurents has compiled in this collection of 16 short stories some of today's best erotic writers, divided into several categories: Working Cousins, Southern Comfort, Race and Class, and Food, the stories cover a wide



variety of sexual motifs peculiar to the South.

Of most interest to me, however, were the two historical fictions in the section about the Antebellum South.

Martin Palmer's *The Tutor* is the tale of a Yankee school teacher who develops a friendship with the manservant assigned to him by his employer and makes the mistake of

'learnin' the slave, a serious crime in the years before the Civil War. The story's tragic end is magnified all the more by the narrator's passive acceptance of his lover's fate. Set during the Civil War itself, Sean Martin's *The Private War Between Private Johannsen and Private Fontana*, is a sexually heated, but ultimately romantic, tale of two privates on opposite sides of the war who must fight, but end up loving, each other.

If a Southern accent gets you hard, this book is for you. If not, there is still much here that will interest, and get off, the average gay pervert.

Leathersex Q&A

Questions About Leathersex and the Leather Lifestyles Answered. By Joseph Bean. Published by Deadalus Publishing, 584 Castro Street, Suite 518, San Francisco CA 94114, 227 pages, \$16.95.

When I first came out into leather, I learned the ropes from older, more experienced leathermen. Often the information took the form of folk wisdom, other times hard facts learned at great expense and serious study. Whatever I could learn I made the most of and shared with others because there was so little in print. Joseph Bean has put much of that folk wisdom and fact into a readable, entertaining, and informative book that I wish I had 15 years ago.

Written in a Q&A format, Bean answers many of the questions that he has been asked over the years as a visible and informed leatherman. His answers are concise, never avoiding difficult subjects except to tell us when he can only answer a question as a layman. He covers the usual expected topics surrounding leather culture; such as the differing dynamics of Daddy/boy and Master/slave relationships, safety tips for bondage and flagellation, and how to find a suitable play partner. More than that, he also takes on questions about sex and spirituality, the altered conscious-



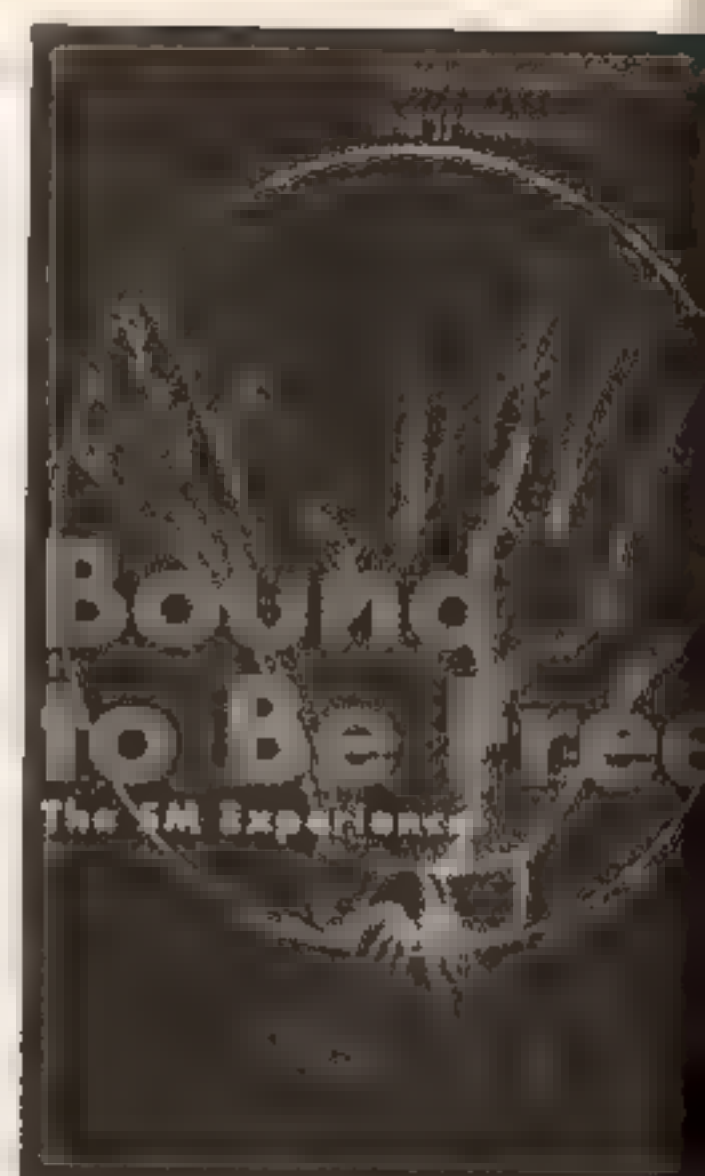
ness that can occur during SM, as well as religious and political issues.

While referring often to the leather's Old Guard, and clearly nostalgic for it, Bean doesn't try to define today's leather culture by it so much as clarify questions we may have about it, leaving us with a greater appreciation for their legacy. Bean has given us a gift with this book, one we should all appreciate.

Consensual Sadomasochism

How to Talk About It and How to Do It Safely. By William A. Henkin and Sybil Holiday. Published by Deadalus Publishing, 584 Castro Street, #518, San Francisco CA 94114, 227 pages, plus Bibliography and List of Resources, \$16.95.

Since my best friend is a therapist, but not a pervert, he occasionally asks me questions about his clients' more extreme forms of sexual behavior, his questions prompted not by judgment by his very real concerns for his clients' physical safety. My answers are usually the same, "As long as they know what they're doing, they should be okay." Since I've only watched some edge play from a distance, however, I'm sometimes unequipped to tell him more than that or even where he can get more information. But, now, like a



much needed tonic, Henkin and Holiday, two well respected figures in the Bay Area SM community, have given us "Consensual Sadomasochism" as handy an SM reference guide as we are ever to find. It's exactly what the doctor ordered.

Written by two experienced educators, one a therapist and the other a professional dom, this informative and entertaining "How To" is divided into two main sections. The first explains clearly, and without a lot of jargon, what SM is and is not. The second section explains how to do SM safely, why some practices are only for those with special training, and even why some forms of bondage and edge play might be better avoided entirely. Well versed in SM lore and technique, respectful of the Old Guard but not enslaved to it, Henkin and Holiday have written one of the best SM reference books to date, and the one I'll recommend to my friend the therapist.

Bound to Be Free

The SM Experience. By Charles Moser Ph.D., MD and JJ Madeson. Published by Continuum Books, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017, 205 pages, \$24.95.

There was a time when the only printed information about SM was

that was diagnostic in nature and written for psychiatrists. The information that new adherents to SM and leather culture might have only available orally in what we now call the Old World. Recently, however there has been a plethora of books about SM, volumes of hands-on guides on how to be a successful practitioner in light of SM's emergence from the publishing closet, and *Bound to Be Free* was inevitable. It is hardly groundbreaking in terms of new information, this book is refreshing insofar as it places SM in non-judgmental terms. The authors make the effort to explore a wide variety of experiences from a diverse collection of sadomasochists in a readable and enjoyable style.

Co-authored by a male psychotherapist and a practicing male sadomasochist, *Bound to Be Free* seeks to explain SM for non-practitioners in terms of psycho-dramas and sensation. Aimed at mental health professionals and written initially from a heterosexual perspective, the book still manages to draw freely from lesbian and gay sources throughout, not bothering to make a distinction (possibly because there isn't much of one) between the queer and straight SM experience. Still, this book may not be of much interest to the average pervert as there is not much here that most leatherheads don't already know, though it is of interest to the new initiates seeking to understand, and validate their sexual longings.

Sons of Darkness

Sons of Men, Blood and Immortality. Edited by Michael Rowe and Thomas Ligotti. Published by Cleis Press, Box 8933, North PA, 15221. 181 pages. \$12.95. Anne Rice made vampire literature popular by exploring the erotic potential of the genre while at the same time asking serious questions



about morality, mortality and the meaning (if any) of human existence. The element of horror often took a back seat in this new vampire fiction as the existential crises of the vampire was illuminated. That a kind of romantic vision has evolved around the vampire's angst was inevitable as more writers sought to cover the same territory.

Sons of Darkness is an anthology of new vampire fiction from a queer male perspective. The stories here

are consistently entertaining and worth reading. Two of the most romantic stories here — written by women, Poppy Brite and Pat Califia — are also two of the most disturbing as they delve further into the ancient relationship.

Taking on queer specific themes in a new context, this anthology, while aimed at vampire and horror fans, should appeal to a wide cross section of queer readers.

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I said, get down on your knees, boy. Good boy. Now, boy, I want you to take a pen and fill out this order form for the all-new RoB catalog. I'm going to give you one minute in which to obey me, boy, and if you haven't filled out this order form perfectly, then you know what's going to happen. Well, for starters I'm going to give your pussy-boy ass a walloping it won't soon forget. more importantly, you're never gonna receive the newest and largest RoB catalog ever. catalog that's bursting with the best selection of leather and rubber gear that any true slave gets an instant hard-on over. So you see, boy, if you don't fill this out, you're just never going to suck on that new gag your Master was going to order to fill that pretty little scum-sucker mouth of yours. You'll also never get a chance to order those new leather chaps that you were going to get for your Master, and that means you'll never be able to clean them with your tongue like a good groveling slave boy should. So, boy, why the fuck aren't you writing? I told you to fill this out NOW. I mean it, you little shit. You've got only 30 more seconds. Do it

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PIGEON

FICTION BY GEORGE EDWARDS

WE GOT INTO THE CAR...

MITCH AND ME, A THREE-YEAR-OLD IRON GRAY CHEVY. INCONSPICUOUS SO IT WOULD BE HARDER TO REMEMBER. WE WORE DARK SUITS TO LOOK LIKE BUSINESSMEN, SALESMEN MAYBE. MITCH IS A COUPLE YEARS OLDER THAN ME, 25 OR SO. HE'S A TALL GUY, WELL SET UP, WITH BROAD SHOULDERS AND A BIG OPEN FACE. WE WERE WORKING FOR DANNY DONOVAN, WHO EVERYONE CALLS "THE DON." TRUTH IS, MITCH IS AN ENFORCER AND I'M LEARNING THE BUSINESS.

we're going to find when we get there. But that's all I know. It's not a good idea sometimes to know too much in advance.

We're not saying much, but suddenly, Mitch says,

"Son of a bitch." I say, "Huh?"

"Bo, the cocksucker. Hiding out in the boondocks where nobody knows how to get to."

I shrug and say, "You said he's staying at his sister-in law's. I can get us there. Okay?"

"Yeah, the cocksucker thought he could outsmart the Don. But you know what? His girl friend ratted on him. She figures he's a dead duck anyway and she wants to get in good

with the Don so she let the Don tap her phone and sure enough he calls her. Stupid motherfucker."

I say, cautious, trying not to sound curious, "When we find him..."

Mitch smiles, a big open smile and says, "I knew you were going to ask that. You'll see when we get there."

I couldn't help myself. I hunched my shoulders for a second and asked without looking around, "We g.....?"

Mitch says, "Forget it, Luis. You'll see when we get there."

We drove for an hour, first on the highway, then on a county road and finally through a small town. On the other side of the town an area of big houses some looking old, some looking like they had just been built surrounded by big lawns and big trees. It's the middle of the morning

but I haven't done more than find protection money. It's Mitch's turn I'm driving. Neither of us has anything as we head North toward the George Washington Bridge. As we cross the bridge, Mitch looks at his map and asks, "Do you know where we're going?"

I say, "Sure enough - Packway. We've been there before. There should be no problem finding the place." I say where we're going and who



**BO TURNS AWAY FROM US. HE
PUSHES HIS SHORTS DOWN,
STEPS OUT OF THEM AND THEN
HIS JOCK STRAP. HE GETS DOWN
ON THE FLOOR, ON HIS BELLY
AND PUTS HIS HANDS UP IN
FRONT OF HIS FACE. HE'S VERY
STIFF, ALMOST RIGID.**

and on this road we haven't passed any other cars.

Finally Mitch, who has been consulting a map and watching the mail boxes, says, "I been watching. It should be the next one, shouldn't it?"

"Yeah that big old house up ahead should be it. What do we do? Leave the car?"

"Park off the road if you can." I parked the car in a small cleared spot next to the road and we got out. Mitch squared his shoulders and patted the holster under his arm. There was a driveway leading uphill from the road, but Mitch gestured to me and we crossed this wide, well kept lawn. I noticed that there was no car parked in front of the house, and none in the two-car garage whose doors were wide

open. The house windows were closed, but as we got closer, I could hear the low buzz of an air conditioner.

As we approached the house Mitch said, "Let's go around to the back." We walked around the house to the back door. Mitch climbed to the back porch, put a big hand on the knob and tried it, but it was locked. He looked around and spotted a cellar door with four steps going down to it. He came back, went to this door, and found it unlocked. He beckoned with his head for me to follow him and went through the door.

We were in a big room with boxes stacked neatly against one corner, a block wall, two bicycles against another wall, some lawn chairs. There was a damp cellar smell to it. There was another wall, covered with unpainted sheet rock and with a door in it. From the other side of the door, we heard muffled indistinct sounds.

We moved quietly to the door. On the way, Mitch reached inside his jacket and took a .38 out of his shoulder holster. Then he tried the door very quietly and gently, and threw it open, like cops on one of those TV shows.

The room had a couple of wooden tanks, a furnace, a couple of chairs and a set of weights on a stand. Right now, lying on his back on a floor mat, and pushing a weight up above his head was the man we had come to find - Bo.

Bo looked up, saw the two of us and said, "Oh shit! Oh Christ!" He managed to get the weight back on his chest and then onto the weight stand. Mitch said, "Hi, Bo."

Bo didn't say anything. Bo was in his middle twenties, with dark hair and fair complexion. Bo was bare chested so I could see that he had a deep chest with thick shoulder pectoral muscles jutting out from his looking rock solid. He climbed from under the weight he had been put down and stood up. He

average height with strong
lar legs and big arms. Right
there were beads of sweat on
shoulders and on his forehead.
His eyes were wide - alert and

Mitch said, "We got a message
from the Don. In two parts."
He looked at me. "Go lock both
doors."

I locked the outside door and
the door to the room we were
in. There was a stairway going up to
roof of the house. Mitch glanced
and asked, "Who's upstairs?"
"None, they both work."

I take a look, Luis. Make sure
front door is locked too."
I went upstairs, cased the joint
and saw else was home.

I returned to the basement and let
Bo know that the house was
secure. He made a run for the door.
I punched him on the shoulder,
thrusting him back down onto the
bench. Bo looked at me for a
moment and said, "Hey, please guys.
It's a mistake. I can explain it all
to the Don. I didn't know what they
were up to."

I didn't know what he was talking
about. Maybe Mitch didn't either. He
said, "Shut your fuckin' hole, soft
boy," and punched him again.

At this point Bo looks like he's
about to cry. Mitch says to him, "Take
off your trunks and lie down on the
floor on your belly."

Mitch says, "For Christ sake, fellas,
it's a mistake." I guess he figures
Bo is gonna shoot him in the
back. I can smell sweat but there's
something else too - the smell of

Mitch says, "On the floor, puke
up." He takes off his jacket and
throws it over the rack of barbells.
He loosens his tie.

Bo turns away from us and push-
es his shorts down and steps out of
them and then his jock strap. He
falls down on the floor, on his belly
with his hands up in front of his
face. He's very stiff, almost rigid
on the floor. He has a good

back, nice strong lats, lots of defini-
tion. Not too tan. A white cannonball
butt. Mitch looks at him and then
reaches and takes off his belt. He
stands over Bo and looks down at
him. He brings his arm up with the
belt, swings the belt behind his head
and then brings it down, hard,
across Bo's ass. Bo yelps. The belt
leaves a red mark on the white ass
mounds and Mitch raises it and
brings it down again.

Bo is saying, "Please, please. Oh
Christ! Oh please." But the belt
keeps hitting his ass which is getting
more marked up.

Mitch looks at me and grins and
says, "You want to get in on the
action?"

I grin without saying anything. I
put the piece back in its holster and
take off my jacket and my belt.
Mitch says, "Work on his back, so
we don't get in each other's way."
So I stand over Bo on the other side
from Mitch and I slam my belt down
across that wide muscular back.
Wow! It's the first time I'd done any-
thing like that and it gives me a
hard-on right away. I slam that belt
hard, again and again, and with
each blow my cock is pushing
against my pants. Man! It's a nice
feeling. Bo is squirming and jumping
and yelping with the blows. Not say-
ing anything that I can understand,
just howling each time he's hit which
is pretty often because neither Mitch
nor I waste our time and Mitch is
really creaming the guy's ass.

After a while my arm feels tired
and I wonder if I should switch the
belt to the other arm. But then Mitch
stops swinging his belt, so I stop
swinging mine. He looks at me and
says, "You got a hard-on?"

I feel embarrassed but I say,
"Yeah, what about it?"

Mitch nudges Bo who is lying on
the floor breathing hard with his
back and ass all red and marked up
with welts from the two belts. Mitch
says, "Bo here is gonna give us
some head, ain't you, Bo?"

Bo doesn't look around. He says,

"I ain't no cocksucker."

Mitch nudges him again, curls his
lip and says, "You learned to suck
cock in reform school."

Bo turns, pushes himself up with
one arm and says, "Hey! Shit no,
man! I was a hawk in reform school.
The pigeons sucked my cock."

"You're a pigeon, Bo. You just
don't remember too good. But I
know you were in Riveredge for two
years and you sucked cock. You
want to give me an argument or you
going to blow us?" Mitch hefts his
gun.

"Jesus Christ. You guys don't
have any heart."

"No heart, Bo, but I got a hard-
on." Mitch laughed at his joke and
so did I.

Bo said, "Can I stand up?"

"Yeah, stand up."

Bo stood up. His chest and belly
were pink and dirty from pressing
against the concrete floor. Mitch
said, "You do what I tell you and
maybe I can give you a break."

Bo's eyes widened and he said,
"Okay, okay. What do you want me
to do?"

"First thing, you suck Luis's cock.
But ask for it. Get down on your
knees and say, 'Please, Mr.
Martinez, can I suck your big
cock?'"

Bo looked at me and then at
Mitch. He looked like he was gonna
cry. He said, "You'll give me a
break?"

"Yeah, I'll give you a break, I
promise. Mitch looked at me and
said, "Take out your cock Luis. Let's
see if Bo here remembers every-
thing he learned back in the
Riveredge Cottage School?"

I took out my cock. It was hard
and stiff and what the hell, it's a big
cock and I like to show it off.
Knowing that I'm gonna get it
sucked has me almost bursting.
Like my cock is saying, "Gimme,
gimme, gimme!"

Mitch said, "Okay, piss bucket,
ask to suck that fat cock."

Bo bent his head and said in a



low voice, "Can I suck your cock?"

I was real eager at this point, so I said, "Yeah, sure. Go ahead, suck it. Suck it!"

He looked up at me like he was going to burst out crying. But then he took my cock in his mouth. He pressed his lips around the head and went back and forth over it. He knew how to do it. He got my cock halfway down his throat. He used his tongue on the under side of it. He put pressure on it and deep-throated it without gagging. I looked down at his big shoulders and his blond hair and his thick arms. One of his hands came up and he put it under my balls and the other hand went around and held my ass. He really knew how to do it. I was gasping for breath and then I was shooting a big wad down his throat.

He kept my cock in his mouth for a couple of seconds, licking the come off it and out of it and then he pulled his head back and my cock slipped out.

Mitch all the time is watching this with his arms folded, with this little smile on his face. I backed away from Bo and put my cock back in my pants. Bo sank back on his ankles.

He looked at Mitch and Mitch said, "Suppose you lie down on the mat there, so I can fuck your ass?"

Bo looked at him for a couple of seconds. Then he looked real scared and he yelled, "I ain't never been fucked, I ain't never been fucked."

"Bullshit! You mean you ain't never been fucked except for money. Well, this time, asshole, you're gonna get fucked for love." Mitch unzips and pulls out this long white cock with a sort of pointed head and waves it at him.

Bo sort of wailed, "Please, no!" but Mitch hefted his piece again and Bo lay down on the mat.

Mitch said, "You know how to do it, cunt face. Stick your ass up."

Bo obediently stuck his ass up. He made quite a sight with his muscular back, all sweaty and streaked with belt marks and his ass all red and bruised in a couple of places. Mitch spit down on his cock, rubbed the spit around and then got down over Bo. He fingered Bo's asshole to find where to put it and then suddenly he gave a shove. Bo went, "Ahhh!" and then gave this long wail as that hard stick skewered him.

I LIKE SUCKING COCK.

AND HE HAS A BEAUTIFUL ONE.

HE'D GET ME IN THE SHOWER.

AND I'D HAVE TO GO DOWN ON HIM.

HIM LIKE IT OR NOT. THERE'S

NOTHING LIKE HAVING A BIG

BEAUTIFUL COCK SWABBING

YOUR THROAT.

Mitch pumped slowly and regularly. I had just shot my wad, but in a couple of minutes my cock started to get hard again. Bo's face was all screwed up in pain and he was gasping and letting out little sobs. It wasn't music to my ears, but it sure was music to my cock because it got harder with every yelp. The tuck didn't last long. Mitch finally stopped pumping. His hips heaved a couple of times and he lay still on top of the weight lifter. Then he got up. He pulled up his briefs and his trousers. He picked his belt up off the floor and put it back in its loops.

Mitch looked at me and grinned. He said, "Hey, Luis, you look like you're drooling. I guess it's your turn." So I opened my pants again, got out old John Henry and got down over Bo. His back was all sweaty, so I tried to keep my body away from his so I wouldn't get my shirt dirty. I had no trouble finding his asshole. Wide open from Mitch's fuck. Christ! What a feeling. His asshole was sore of tight, but it was like it was sucking me in and I started pumping automatically. Nice long slow strokes and each of them gets a little sob from Bo.

While I'm pumping, Mitch gets in front of Bo, and spreads his legs out. His pants are still wet, so he reaches in and gets his limp cock and says, "Clean it up, buddy!"

Bo is sobbing and shakes his head. So Mitch grabs him by that hair and pulls his head all the way back and says, "Swab it, you fucking faggot, or I'll break your mother fucking neck."

Needless to say, this is doing nothing to my cock along with the asshole and I'm way up there. I try to make it last, but my load comes out. Other ideas and in a couple of seconds I'm erupting like a volcano on TV news show. Then I just come on top of the guy. What the fuck does it matter if I get my shirt dirty. Then after a while, I pull out and stand up.

When I caught my breath I pulled my pants and I looked at Mitch. I want to ask the question, but I need to know what we would do. I guess Mitch saw the question on my face. "Now," he said, "Bo here comes up. Stand up, scum bag."

Bo stood up. He looked more scared now than before. Mitch said to me, "Okay, Luis, you hold him. I'm behind him."

I got behind Bo and grabbed his shoulders. He didn't resist. I guess there wasn't much fight left in him. Mitch came over to him and slapped his shoulders.

It jerked to one side and Mitch slapped him again so it jerked the other way. Then Mitch punched him in the chest, bare knuckled, with his hand and then the other. He lifted the weight lifter's arms and held them. He didn't punch his face, but he did it some more. It went on for a while. It got me horny again. I held him and could feel his body vibrating with each blow. Finally Mitch stopped and nodded to me to let him go.

Bo stood there panting. He was bedraggled, stained with sweat and dirt from the floor and the

Mitch got his jacket, put it on and said, "Hey, Bo, I wouldn't finish my workout if I were you. I'd take a shower. You look a mess. Then I'd hitch hike down to the bus station and be out of town."

Bo had his head hanging down. He looked up at Mitch without raising his head and said, "I got no money to get out of town."

Mitch reached in his pocket, took out his wallet and handed Bo several bills. He said, "I'll blow you for the ride. I'll blow you!" and he laughed at his joke. I laughed too.

Bo took the money, didn't know where to put it since he was naked still and finally put it down on top of his jock strap on the floor.

Mitch said, "Come on, Luis, let's blow this joint." He laughed again and said, "Blow the joint. Get it?"

We left and got back in the car and headed for New York. I drove again. After we got on the parkway, I said, without taking my eye off the road, "Hey, Mitch. What if the Don finds out you let Bo go? I mean, Bo might tell someone."

Mitch laughed, "Shit man! I got two orders from the Don. First was to beat the bastard up, which, as you could see, I enjoyed doing. The other order was to tell him to get out of town and to stay out of town. I was told to give him some money if he needed any. I delivered both my messages."

I said, still watching the road, "Nothing more?"

Mitch laughed and said, "You think I got a couple sacks of concrete in the trunk of the car? He doesn't know anything and he's harmless. Besides, he's related to the Don in some way; cousin or nephew or the son of an old girlfriend. You hear different stories."

We drove in silence for a few minutes and Mitch said, "I'm still horny from giving that rat his licks. There's a factory up ahead. Drive into its parking lot and I'll give you a blow job."

I thought about that for a second

and my cock started to get hard. I said, "I didn't know you sucked cocks."

"Why not? I was in that reform school the same time Bo was. I've changed a lot. He don't remember me."

"Does that mean you were a pigeon too?"

"Back in those days I was a skinny little kid. The muscles came a lot later. So I was a pigeon like it or not. Bo wasn't lying. He had muscles even then. One of the guards had a thing for him."

So Bo was putting out for this mother fucker of a pig which made Bo a hawk and I had to suck his cock, like it or not." He laughed. "I didn't resent it."

I like sucking cock and he has a beautiful one. He'd get me in the shower and I'd have to go down on him like it or not. There's nothing like having a big beautiful cock swabbing your throat while that nice warm water is washing your back.

While I was punching him out back there I kept thinking that I'd like to give him another blow job just for old time's sake. His cock was limp so I would have been able to suck it until it got real hard. You know we slept in dormitories, and after lights out, he'd come over to my bed and fuck my ass. I was his pigeon so the other guys couldn't touch me. Not that I would have minded.

The only thing I did resent was that he could and did beat the shit out of me a couple of times and I couldn't do anything about it."

By this time I had parked the car. Mitch said, "Hey, I tell you what. Get in the back seat and get out that big dago cock. I'll sit on your lap and you can fuck me up the ass. That is, if you got another load."

I grinned and said, "I sure have. But look, I'm not a dago."

"What are you then?"

"Hispanic-American."

Mitch shrugged and I got in the back seat.



skin

FICTION BY T. ELLIS

MICHAEL WAS A SKIN. A TALL, LONG-BONED, MUSCULAR, BRACES-AND-BOOT-WEARING, HONEST TO GOD, HARD-LOOKING, SWEET BOY. BUT STILL A SKIN. NOBODY SHOULD HAVE BEEN HASSLING HIM.

"Hey faggot!" The voice came louder as he turned on the corner where he leaned, looking mean and horny. The denim tweaked into the crack of his ass, which was peach firm. A stretch of his cotton shirt played over his pectorals which were buffed and tight, his nipples pressed the skin. His crotch pushed out in the air, causing, hiked up by the cut of his Levi's and somehow tweaked by the shiny, patent leather black of the Doc Martens threateningly clinging up his shins, less than a foot's chest away from where their hands would be when they dropped, they regularly did, to their knees and back him in the face.

"Hey, you deaf, ya pansy?" He turned finally, and looked. A group of brothers in a beat up Ford on the corner behind him, looking flushed. He sneered and looked away. This wasn't their turf. This was skin country. They should be happy to be alive.

"Hey bwa, can't you see we ain't to ya?" the voice came again. He looked. It was the guy in front, at the wheel. He had dreadlocks, as wide as all creation. Gold tooth somewhere to the side too. Michael was sure of it. "You too much of a pussy to talk to three brothers, man? You too much of a fuck suck? Huh, fairy?"

Michael braced himself. These brothers would need a little manners and a little education. Even on his turf, on this turf it was a matter of respect. He ambled to the car. He was six feet tall, and his dreadlocks made his walk, even in a leather roll, menacing. He leaned against the car, dropping his hands from the roof, noisily.

"Anything I can do for you boys?" he said, drawling. He'd never set foot south of the Mason-Dixie line, but he figured these colored brothers would most easily be irked by a Johnny Reb.

"Yeah, skinhead man," the gold-tooth in the front seat said, "you fuck on this for me, sonny."

**"YOU LIKE THE HAND,
WHITE-BOY? YOU LIKE THE
BLACK MAN'S HAND
INSIDE YOUR ASS? WHY
DON'T YOU GET SMART
AND TAKE THE BLACK
COCK? YOU KNOW THAT'S
WHAT YOU REALLY WANT."**

Michael looked down into the sawed off twin bores of a twelve-gauge shotgun, peeking just below the wound down glass lip of the window. "Get into the back seat skinhead man," gold tooth said, "we got plans for you."

He was naked, he was wet, there was blood in the bottom of his mouth, and his ass was hurting. Michael crouched in the steel tub where he was tied, still in his boots. The water was up to his calves now, as he crouched in the old tin bath. The gold tooth brother was approaching again with the sponge and leather. Another brother with a bar of soap was lathering his hands, Stokeley, he thought he'd heard the gold tooth call him. The third was taking instant pictures. Every couple of minutes another flash would go and the automatic mouth of the camera would whir and spit another print of Michael being whipped. "Smile skinhead," the camera dude would say, "Don't you like showing the inferior black man how clean living you are?"

"You ready yet, skin-man?" the gold tooth said.

"No," Michael gritted through his teeth.

"I guess you ain't clean enough yet. Stokeley, lather him up."

"Don't," Michael said, gritting again.

"You hush," gold tooth said, "or you know what'll come, and sooner."

Straining against the cuffs that bound him down into the handles of the steel tub, Michael tried in vain to move his ass so it would not be in the hand of the approaching Stokeley, a bar of soap in one hand, a rubber glove full of lather in the other and a dirty grin over his face. "You like the hand, white-boy? You like the black man's hand inside your ass? Why don't you get smart and take the black cock? You know that's what you really want."

"Fuck you, you racist fuck."

"Fuck me, oh no, little skinhead, I think we gonna be fuckin' you, ain't that right Gold?"

"Get the soap in him Stoke, and quit jabberin'."

Stokeley took a handful of soap and stuck his hand deep into Michael's crack. Michael hissed an intake of breath. The hand was pressing into him. It soaped, soaped and soaped around his ass, then pierced his hole. Deep into the ridges it went and two fingers played around and round the sphincter of his ass. Despite himself, he contracted around them.

"Hey little skinhead, there you go. You want my dick there now?"

"Go fuck yourself," Michael gritted.

"Okay," gold tooth said, "get out the way. You ready faggot?"

Stokeley got out of the way.

"Fuck you," Michael said.

"Oh you will," Gold the dreadlocked smiler said and he laid the leather crop into Michael's ass.

"Au," Michael howled. Some soap fell away from his crack as he jiggled in pain.

"Just like come dripping out your asshole," Gold's teeth smiled, "You ready for another?"

"No," Michael groaned despite himself.

"Tell you what," Gold said, "You wanna suck my dick?"

"No," Michael said, he didn't do rough tricks, he gave them. People PAID to kneel down for him.

"All right," Gold said. The riding



crop whipped.

"Aaow!" Another line joined the range of six or seven streaks of red across Michael's virgin (for whipping that is) butt. The fine fuzz of fur that covered his cheeks was no protection from the leather's angry kiss. He buckled as his knees, unused to squatting like this, cramped and locked under him.

"Let me up," he said.

"You ready to suck me?" Gold said.

"No," Michael said.

"Tell you what," Gold smiled. He walked over to the front of the tub. "You don't have to do nothing. I'll take all the heat."

In front of Michael, Gold's red denim crotch seemed enormous, just above his head. The black man pulled his zipper down and let out a huge cock, free of underwear. It was engorged. "You ready for me big man?" Gold asked.

Michael wondered. It was a lovely cock, the color of deeply varnished stripped pine with a fat vein along its side. Looked tasty, and if it weren't for the humiliation, the company, in an alley, maybe, just maybe, he'd be getting hot. Could he do it?

"Never mind faggot," Gold's voice came hard and hot. "You take a minute thinking. Maybe you ain't clean enough yet." And with that the

black cock head draped just above his mouth unleashed a stream of piss so thick and powerful it ricocheted drops off of his cheeks. The stream, hot and salty where it got into Michael's mouth despite his sputtering, washed over his hair and bare chest, down his crotch. Despite himself he felt it warming. After one hour of cold sponging and whipping in the nude he was shivering.

"All right, you want the crop again, or you want my cum?" Gold stood over him shaking last drops of piss out of his massive, still half erect truncheon.

"You fuck," Michael said, "I don't do showers."

"You do what I tell you to do, white boy," Gold said and as Michael was still opening his mouth to say "Fuck" the black man's cock started to conjugate exactly that verb on him between his lips. It was "I fuck, I have fucked, I will fuck, I am fucking" all into Michael's throat.

Unable to breathe, Michael found no other option but to relax and let the cock slide in, deep in the warmth of his mouth and to breathe through his nose. He knew if he made the slightest move with his teeth that blades would cut his balls off before Gold groaned.

"Good, little boy, now suck it, suck that black man's love tool

good, you hear, skinhead boy?"

Michael sucked. Through closed eyes, he heard the camera whirring, another photograph and the bright flash told him that this time his face was in the picture. His face, with black cock driving in and out of his mouth.

He grunted as he felt a hand again at his ass. This time it was pulling his ass up, and not with a soap glove. This time the hand was parting his cheeks for another something, something hard and pressing to force against his ring. Gold pushed his cock deep in his throat and he grunted, and a second later the cock at his ass shoved and went in too, past his ring and deep inside him. He was being fucked. The camera whir went off again and he kept his eyes shut. If he kept his eyes shut perhaps this could just be a dream. A dream where he woke up in his bed, still a skinhead who was tough, still untouchable, still someone who waited to be serviced for payment.

The black cock in his asshole shoved deep in and a voice, maybe Gold's, maybe Stokeley's, maybe the camera-man's said, softly in his ear, "Hey faggot boy - these pictures we got here, they go directly to your skin crew, right tonight. You think they gonna like you taking black meat? You think they gonna respect you for your new, feminine side? You don't want that, then maybe we got a new late night compadre for your team. You want that? You want to be our new mascot? You our new pussy, faggot, welcome to your new life."

Michael swallowed. Gold's cock was going off inside his throat and jetting what seemed like gallons of milky cream. In his ass another cock was jerking and pushing deeper deeper till any minute now another whole lot of white was going to wash him and keep him clean. Michael relaxed and settled into the act. This new way of life wasn't going to be so bad after all.

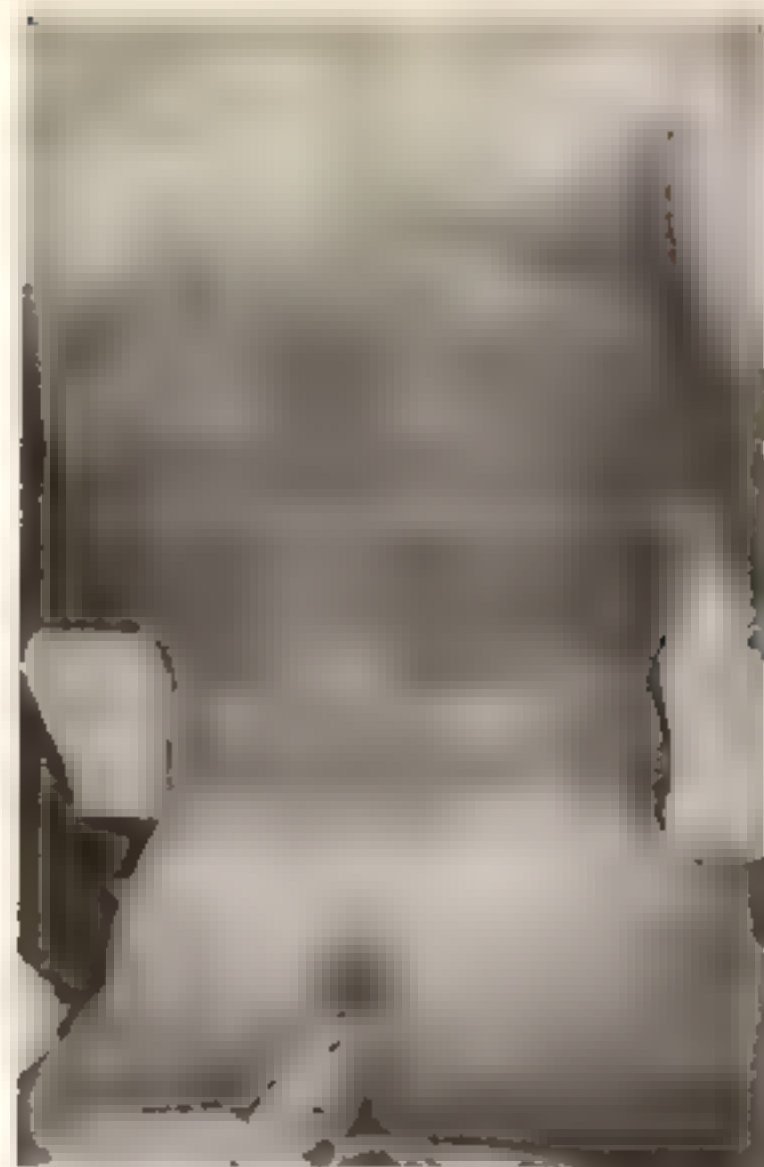
GRIFFITH PARK ELEGY

FICTION BY AL LUJAN

THAT MAN WAS TROUBLE AND HE WAS
UNRAVELING MY UPHOLSTERY. HE WAS
THE NUMBER THIRTEEN, BLACK CATS,
BURNING CROSSES, BAD LUCK PER-
SONIFIED. HE HAD THE QUIET DISPOSI-
TION OF A SEDUCTIVE CULT LEADER.
HE MOOZED: RUN AND DON'T LOOK
BACK, BUT I COULDN'T. I WANTED HIM.

If this story were a pile of bones, I
would fracture them, pulverize them
and scatter them across beautiful
scapes like the ashes of so
many beautiful lovers. So intense
and horrific was that afternoon that
all I could really do is romanticize it,
and all I should really do is let it go
and not repeat what took place. Or
at least I believe took place. It disori-
ented me.

I was in Griffith Park, in the heart
of the City of Angels. Hanging out in
a meadow referred to as the "meat
field," where men young and old,
rich and poor, gay and not gay, follow
their instincts and their hard dicks
divining rods. Through a series
of dirt paths that wind, in and out,



through the heavy brush. Most
paths twist back into each other or
branch out into small clearings
where men pose, pout and hold up
the trees 'til coaxed into the moan-
ing bushes. They circle through the
maze in search of the minotaur,
sometimes finding him in the
rustling plants. Other times what
they find instead is an undercover
cop busting them for obviousness.

That afternoon I marched to the
topmost clearing with intent. Without
distraction. It's the second highest
lookout in the park. It faces west
across a field of dense, brown haze
that blankets the basin, except for
the shaggy heads of the sixty foot
palm trees that poke through here
and there. That area ain't too popu-
lar with the guys, although the bush-
es to the left and the bushes to the
right are particularly squirrely. Wide
open areas make these guys un-
comfortable. Some would probably
go into an agoraphobic coma were
they caught without a bush to scurry
about in.

The vista is accessible by a dirt
road that connects from the east
side. Park police off-road vehicles
frequently tour the area, shooting
pebbles into the foliage with those
knobby tires they use to hug the hill-

sides. Scares the hell out of those
bush queens with sex offender his-
tories. But not enough for them to
actually leave. The vista is visible
from the observatory on an adjacent
peak. If you put a quarter into the
binoculars and aim in the right direc-
tion...welcome to Los Angeles

Me? Well I'm an exhibitionist. I
love the great wide, white sky, the
fires of dusk and the risk of getting
caught as much as I love my fond
memory of blood, mean teachers
and the fistfights I've won.

I planted myself on one of the C-
curved benches put here some forty
or fifty years ago when this area was
some hetero lovers' lane or tourist
lookout before the observatory was
built. Benches of wood and con-
crete, unpainted since the 70's,
carved with symbols and initials.
(T.D.+S.G. '63, EL HUERO CON, LA
PEE WEE CON SAFOS Y QUE, and I
SUCK DICK 4pm to 6pm M thru F).

I sat at the foremost bench facing
out. A bench where winos died
drunk and lovers fell together entan-
gled in arms, scarves and hair. A
bench with a personality like mine.

Quiet. Private. With a secret histo-
ry in this part of town. There I sat
with my legs spread and a look that
said; "I've got less important things
to do, only the serious need apply."

My olive and black Pendleton was
folded across the knee of my pants,
pressed with origami-tight creases.
Just like my tee shirt. Just like my
boxers. I resisted dressing this way
growing up in East L.A. Dressing like
my brother Flako and his pachuco
homeboys on our block. They hung
out in our garage since I can remem-
ber. Pants slung low, lowrider
posters, "Calle Diesiocho" on the
wall along with every members' pla-
cas on the walls. A weight bench,
beer cans and KRLA on a radio con-
nected to a car battery. The smell of
weed, sweat and anarchy in the barrio.

Now, my cholo-without-a-gang-look
worked me an angle on that hill.
Unapproachable, rough trade, mean-
dicked, risky challenge. The bold

motherfuckers who cruised me know they'd either be getting to blow a sadistic, gang bangin', drive-by, Richard Ramirez maniac or just getting punked. Only the biggest freaks would conjure the nerve. The kind I could do anything to and who'd do anything I said. Like a "Dockers" wearin' CPA type who gave my shoes a real spit shine. A nervous, fey princess with fluffy hair whose hairbrush I broke smacking it across his bare butt. Or a tweak freak who tells me that I don't need to use a rubber with him. Yeah right.

Every once and a while I hook up with a man who turns the tables. But that Sunday afternoon was particularly quiet. I could hear birds and winged bugs nearby. The sounds of slurping and grunting, down the hill, were more than audible, they seemed amplified and exaggerated, like porno. I felt horny and impatient. I'd been up there for over two hours and no one made it up. Not even an obscured "PSSST" beckoned me for a blow job in the bushes.

The sun was sinking into the grimy distance and I felt February on my face and hands. The salmon colored streetlights that pacify the barrios and the ghettos were coming on in sheets across the horizon. I hit my flask to pacify the chills that were making my body jerk. I reconciled a fruitless afternoon of meditation. I stood and put my Pendleton on. Only buttoned the top button like a true vato loco. I turned to the path behind me to head for home. Home to call fuck buddies who would come to me, although that was not exactly what I was in the mood for when I planned that afternoon.

I looked back once more. Goose bumps covered my arms. The blood in my body felt cold and thin. A man was seated at the opposite end of the bench I'd just left. My heart was racing, for a couple of reasons. I thought about my options and said, "What the fuck?" I sat back down. The warmth that my body had left on the bench had dissipated. It was



**HE STEADIED ME AND PULLED ME
BACK ONTO HIS LAP. BEFORE I COULD
SCREAM, I HEARD THE RIPPING OF
THE SEAM OF MY PANTS. HE IMPALED
ME ONTO WHAT FELT LIKE A KNIFE.**

cold on the backs of my legs. In fact, the temperature had fallen considerably in the last couple of minutes.

We sat under the elongated shadow of an olive tree some twenty-five feet away. The fronds of the palm trees, just ahead, swayed and rustled in gusts of wind that I could not feel. The winds picked up clouds of dust from the paths leading down, obscuring them.

The impending dusk gave the stranger a dark, menacing feel. He sat quiet, staring ahead at the swirling, cherry vanilla clouds that were changing shapes as fast as

they were changing color. His profile was still and sharp like stone carving. His dark hair was pulled back into a tight braid down his back. He wore charcoal colored "Dickies" with knife-like creases and a white t-shirt that was luminescent against his brown, Aztec skin. A stray cholo on the hill. My lucky day.

I blinked, prolonged, to think undistracted, then he was upon me. Next to me staring ahead. I rode him like a dare with my eyes. He had tattoos on his forearms, hands and neck. Blue-black letters and symbols. A portrait of some ruca and a spider web on his left elbow that, in prison, signifies that he killed a man while doing time. At the edge of his eye, a black indelible teardrop. That man was trouble and he was unraveling my upholstery. He was the number thirteen, black cats, burning crosses, bad luck personified. He had the quiet disposition of a seductive cult leader. He oozed, run and don't look back. But I couldn't. I wanted him.

My mother would sometimes tell me, "Mijo, el diablo is exactly who you want him to be. If you recognize him you must be in trouble with Diosito." Then and there I finally understood what she was talking about. That evil ain't just some white dude with a goatee and a tail. One could see that and run. Evil is in every nationality, in every religion, and every sexuality.

It was too late, this seduced, far catholic wanted to capture that tattooed, dirt under the nails, hard drinking, boyfriend smacking, welfare check stealing, lying, cheating demonio. I pressed my thigh against his. He didn't move his away. Well, that's all the encouragement I needed. His smell drove my hand. I reached over to feel his thigh. Without turning, he intercepted my hand and held it in his fist. I tried to pull back but he held tight. For the first time he turned to look at me and that's when I freaked out. His eyes were black and shiny. I don't

man that he had dark eyes, I
they were solid black and
his face showed no emotion.
silent. My heart was absent
chest. He pulled at my hand
his grip. I resisted and then
he leaned into me, I imag-
for me never to go where
not invited. He led my hand to
face and released it onto his
th cheek. He pressed his hand
mine and guided it across his
ed lips. Now, I've made some
d up choices in my life. Gone
out my better judgment plenty of
s. But the fact that I resisted
pulling my hand, scared the
out of me. He led my trembling
I to the back of his neck. With
free hand he did the same to me
pulled me into him as if to kiss
I. That surprised me because
he had never, never kisses on
my neck.

I tried to look away from those
eyes, at the darkening sky, but
strength had us face to face. He
I my head and put his mouth on
me. His, our mouths suddenly
heated to fire-like temperatures. I
a drunk with lust and horror.
pleasure tinged with a residue of
guilt. The kind of uneasiness
makes most men impotent.
My ears were suddenly filled with
high volume moaning, sighing and
gulps for air. The sounds our bodies
make when excesses of pleasure
and pain push language past mere
words. Terrible, beautiful, animalistic
sounds.

That's what my ears heard.
Within his violent kisses I heard his
voice. Smooth and deep like silk
words that give me erections as I
think. And that's exactly what his
voice was doing to me. He wasn't
necessarily saying anything to me. I
can't recall specific words. But
events in my life were being narrated
by our twisting tongues. He knew
things about me. Things I've never
told anyone.

He knew that I sat at my father's
table for three days as he rotted

**MY EARS WERE SUDDENLY FILLED
WITH HIGH VOLUME MOANING, SIGH-
ING AND GULPS FOR AIR. THE SOUNDS
OUR BODIES MAKE WHEN EXCESSES
OF PLEASURE AND PAIN PUSH LAN-
GUAGE PAST MERE WORDS.**

with cancer, and that just before he
started to gasp for air, that signaled
the end that my father's last words
to me were "You disappointed me."

The stranger knew that it was me
that burned a swastika on the side
of an old dead tree by my house
with a butane torch I stole from
school when I was ten. (I wasn't
being anti-Semitic, I didn't under-
stand what it meant. I had a crush
on the only white guy at my school,
and he had it on his pee chee folder.
I wanted him to notice me). He knew
the terror I felt later that night as the
sky exploded in amber as the tree
that smoldered quietly all day ignit-
ed.

He knew the shame I felt as a
child when we would have to sleep
on the floor during certain holidays
so we wouldn't be struck by random
bullets coming from intoxicated, hot
guns and how I prayed for God to
make me an angel before dawn so
that I could fly myself out of that bar-
rio for good. He knew that I reached
around and felt my sharp shoulder
blades protruding and that that's all
that they were. That I was simply a
child testing the existence of God.

He knew that my lover, reeling
with AIDS dementia, forgot that he
was gay, that I was his lover, or even
who I was, which allowed his family,
with their high priced lawyers, to lock
me out of our home. And that after a
while that I just couldn't fight them
anymore. He died without me.

He knew these things about me.
These profane ordeals in my life.
And I still wanted him.

My shirt was drenched with sweat

that turned icy in that night that
turned black while my eyes were
closed. I pulled away unable to catch
my breath. I tried to stand, to flee. I
felt lightheaded. The blood that sup-
plies my brain with oxygen was puls-
ing in my lips and groin. He steadied
me and pulled me back onto his lap.
Before I could scream, I heard the
ripping of the seam of my pants. He
impaled me onto what felt like a
knife. Cold and hard like his lips
started out but soon after seared
me inside. He sat there, motionless,
with me on top kicking and flailing.
No thrusting, no sounds, no more
words.

With his mouth he punctured and
gnawed on the back of my neck. I
felt my spinal cord being sucked out
of my neck and out of my ass. I
prayed that the wetness that soaked
my pants was my piss and not my
blood mixed with his cum. He
squeezed my torso to the point
where things went black. Then a
bright electrical jolt shot through me
with such force that my fingernails
and nose shot blood into the dirt.
"GODDAMN... that felt good." Did I
say that or did he?

I awoke sitting erect on that
bench, my head thrown skyward.
The sounds of sirens all around me.
Intense hot breath enveloped my
aching body. The violent suns that
illuminated the black fog in reality
were a series of palm trees engulfed
in balls of flames. They surrounded
me on all sides. Black ash snowed
upon me and all I could do is sit
there and cry.

All that I have left are burn scars,
bad dreams and three cranberry col-
ored, crescent shaped hickies on
the back of my neck that won't go
away no matter how hard I scrub. If
you'd like for me to show them to
you, put on your hiking boots, bring
your faith, and meet me at the park
some sacred Sunday afternoon.

*"Griffith Park Elegy" originally appeared in
"Best Gay Erotica," 1997. Edited by
Richard Labonte, Cleis Press.*

HOW TO MEET TOUGH MEN

1.

Pick up a copy of Drummer Tough Customers magazine. Choose the men you want to meet from the hundreds of photo personals which appear in every issue.

OR

Check out the classified ads in this issue of International Drummer. If the ad has a phone symbol, you can reply on the Drummer Tough Line.

2.

Call one of the two Drummer Tough Line numbers.

3.

Listen to your man's message and leave him your message.

1-800-959-TOUGH

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\$1.98 per minute
Credit cards only

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\$3.00 first minute
\$2.00 additional minute
Billed to your telephone



DRUMMER
TOUGH
LINE

10 DRUMMER

HOW TO RESPOND TO CLASSIFIED ADS

A. ADS WITH THE TOUGH LINE SYMBOL, ☎

- 1 Using a touch-tone phone call 1-800-959-TOUGH (1-800-959-8684)

be billed to your credit card (we accept Visa, MasterCard, American Express and Discover)

or 1-900-I'M TOUGH (1-900-468-6844)

billed to your phone. The cost of each call is \$1.98 for each minute (\$2.98 for the first minute).

- 2 Follow the TOUGH LINE voice instructions. For 800 calls have your credit card number and expiration date ready. Also have ready the four or five digit numbers appearing at the end of each of your favorite ads.

3. GET READY FOR SOME HOT ACTION ON THE TOUGH LINE!

B. ADS WITH FORWARDING SYMBOL, ✉

- 1 Look for the forwarding symbol, ✉, following the 4 or 6 digit box numbers at the end of each ad.

- 2 Compose your HOT response letters and seal each of them in envelopes. Indicate the box number of the ads to which you're responding on the back flap of each envelope. The front of the envelopes may include your return address and MUST INCLUDE CORRECT POSTAGE (see item #3 below for postage rates). LEAVE THE 'SEND TO' PORTION OF THE ENVELOPE BLANK (we fill that in).

- 3 ADD CORRECT POSTAGE TO EACH RESPONSE (Rates are based on mailing FROM U.S.A.):

a. DOMESTIC U.S. requires 32 cents for the first ounce (31.1 gms.) and 23 cents for each additional ounce.

b. CANADA AND MEXICO require 40 cents for the first ounce (31.1 gms.) and 23 cents for each additional ounce.

c. ALL OTHER OVERSEAS POSTAGE is 50 cents for the first one-half ounce (15.6 gms.), 45 cents for the second one-half ounce, and 39 cents for each additional one-half ounce. (Example: If a letter weighs 1-3/4 ounces (approx. 54.5 gms.), the postage would total \$1.73.)

(We can only accept U.S. currency as payment. Overseas postal vouchers or foreign currency are not acceptable. You may use your credit card or International Money Orders for any charges. If you are overseas responding to a U.S. ad and U.S. postage is not available to you we will provide postage at an additional charge. For 1 - 5 letters send an additional \$2. For 5 - 10 letters send an additional \$5, regardless of weight. Postal rates are correct at the time of this writing and are subject to change without notice. Respondents are responsible for the correct postage at prevailing rates).

Note: Letters not properly prepared or posted will be returned to sender at the discretion of INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER Magazine. We will forward responses to ads in back issues; however, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will be valid.

4 Put STAMPED, sealed letter(s) and \$1 forwarding fee PER LETTER (FREE for LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS - please tell us your LF number) in a separate mailer and send to: INTERNATIONAL DRUMMER CLASSIFIEDS, PO Box 410390, San Francisco, CA 94141-0390 Letters are addressed here and forwarded within 2 business days.

NATIONAL

TOUGH LINE CLASSIFIEDS

For tough Master to serve/worship/chastise. Call 515-532-3707 before 10pm CST. 88354 ☎

15 INCHES ON 2 TOPS

Looking for 3-way bottoms who know how to obey, serve and please as men we want a bottom to give us what we want. Do you like it from both ends? POB 973, Oakbrook, IL 60522 South Florida and Nation-wide. Write w/ photo now! You know you want all 15 inches. 9907 ☎

LEATHER BLACK TOPS WANTED

ISO sadists under 35yo. This 47yo, debent, big belted Italian bottom, 270# wants to be forcefully detained and tortured. Will submit to at least 24hrs. You establish the limits. I want to scream from continuous pain and fear. No acting. Seek sadists who can administer cane, whip, electric, piercing, and CBT. Only requirement is NO INJURY THAT REQUIRES MEDICAL TREATMENT. You must be and enjoy extreme sadist pleasures. If outside my area, send for me and I will reimburse upon your meeting me. Call (212) 961-0791, or leave message for me to return your call. SERIOUS BLACK HLING TOP SADISTS ONLY. This is for real. No phone sex.

ALONE IN N.W. FLORIDA

39yo, 6', 175#, BRN/BRN, good body, clean shaven, big thick tool, mostly bottom need hot leather, toys, attitude & WS. We both know what we need. Let's get it on! Can host. Live on beach. Write with photo. Will answer all. 88335 ☎

ARE YOU EXPERIMENTAL EN?

WS, rouch, CBT, A/P Fr? Does rubber/vinyl/leather turn you on? Do you love boots/hoods/chains/mits? I'm 44yo, 5'10", 250#, beard. Looking for buddies, pal, or maybe a lifetime! So drop me a note at: L Stone, POB 4, Jefferson City, TN 37760 20323 ☎

ASIAN MASTER WANTED

Obedient, submissive, WM, late 40s, seeks dominant Asian to serve & worship. light SM, humiliation/VA, catch/ass/pit service & grooming. POB 426655, San Francisco. CA 94 42

LEATHER AND VINYL BIL

Experienced WM, 36yo, 5'7", 150#, good shape with bubble butt! To meet versatile blackman with similar interests. For example: leather, spandex, briefs, oronas, toys, role play and most kinky scenes, etc. Absolutely no tats, fens, or JO calls. (313) 527-2965. 9876 ☎

LEATHER BEASTS WANTED

Sadistic Master, 38yo, 5'9", 181#, seeks slaves to be bound, gagged, and abused. Hoods, gags, cuffs, leather restraints, ropes & chains. Will restrain you as you are subjected to hours of sensual torture. Beginner to brutal. You <40 & firm. Send photo/phone/address. 20458 ☎

BOOT DISCIPLINE

WM, dominant, demanding, big, mature redneck wants contact with a submissive who is ready for abuse and total control. Outdoor scenes will include weapons, whips, spurs, ropes, cigars, uniforms, bootlicking, discipline, physical and verbal abuse. 586 ☎

TOUGH LINE

GWM, 31yo, 5'10", 170#, seeks a husky, chubby Daddy or BB who craves the look, smell & feel of the gloves for scenes of tough-talk, hours of humping, sniffling, heavy bag workout, safe boxing lessons. I'm a non-fighter into safe fantasy, relationship possible. 20189 ☎

VERY RARE YOUNG

MUSC stud, 31yo, 5'8", 170# wants to be owned by a MUSC, strong, dominant Master/toughman. Share your life with a younger gqing guy. Perm only. I'm loyal, quiet. Relocation for butch outdoorsman. Must be large/husky and rugged. Photo required. POB 3124, Shawheen Village Station, Andover, MA 01810-0803 20343 ☎

COCK TORTURE & ABUSE

Prolonged cock pain and penis injury. Beatings, electric cruelty, piss hole invasion and piercing. Wimpy dicks or the merely curious need not apply. This is NOT ball torture! Contact: Jackson, POB 424482, SF CA 94 42 FAX 415-974-5990

ONLY FIVE BELLY

5'9", 182#, BLN/BLU, shaved smooth. Like exhibition. BD, LL, TT, FF. Want handsome Master to use me, show me off. Slave's nude photo in Tough Customers #4, page 33. 20479 ☎

MALE, DOMINANT, LEATHERMAN

Harry Holton BB. 5'9", 43"ch, 28"wa, 16"a, B 1/2"x5 1/2" out. Wants full or part time slave for pig & other training, LL, uniforms, WS, BD, FF, CBT, VA, JO, spanking, worship. You built, nasty, eager to please. You will work for the privilege of serving me & possibly 1 adit stud. 9993 ☎

DOMINANT COPS

Submissive white male, 40yo, wants Top Cop for arrest, interrogation, confinement done your way. Travel pass., complete discretion, special interests include uniforms, weapons, control, cuffs, etc. This prisoner needs incarceration. Call (412) 421-8252 or write to Box 9892 ☎

FROM VICTIM TO DOG

GWM, musc, 50yo, 6'0", 200#, HIV-, hairy, balding, stoche, smoker, fanatic about extra-scopy (1/4 - 1/2 bar) aggressive, hot, full-belly butthole enemies. ISO firm (smooth/shaved a+) "boy" 18-45yo. Want to super-verse you on patly after/truck your clean tender hole, bowels still cramp/aching. ONLY TOO MUCH IS ENUF. No scat. Photo/1tr to: POB 53, Georgetown, TX 78627-0053. Call: 512-930-4934 20177 ☎

CLASSIFIEDS

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1-800-888-7000 \$1.95/min. billed to your credit card • 1-800-TW-TOUGH \$1.95/min. billed to your phone

International Drummer #199 Classifieds

GLOSSARY

G	straight
S	bisexual
■	male
■	female
Cpl	couple
W	white
■	black
L	latino
■	Asian
J	Jewish
■	bottom
Slv	slave
■	years old
4"	feet/inches
#	pounds
cm	centimeters
kg	kilograms
L/L	leather/levi
masc	masculine
musc	Muscular
BB	body builder
VGL	very good looking
UC	uncut
hung	big dick
NS	non-smoker
POB	post office box
ISO	in search of
SKG	sado
SM	masochism
JO	masturbation
BD	bondage/discipline
WS	water sports
scat	shit
FF	fist fucking
VA	verbal abuse
SS	safe sex
elec	electricity
CBT	cock/ball torture
TT	tit torture
FR a/p	French (suck)
GR a/p	Greek (fuck)
CP	active/passive corporal punishment
M/S	master/slave

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EXPERIENCED MASTER

Seeks to train and tame athletic studs. Beginners and shy guys welcome. Phone (203) 261-6355 11293

WHAT IS MY MISTRESS

& wipe your ass on my face. Buticker, 32yo, 6'0", 165#, BLND, needs heavy humiliation, VA & rouch from dom., NASC, perverted bully. Sit on my face & enjoy a 6-pack, then spray your piss in my mouth till it runs out my nose. Ugly/horny man on special terms 20333

PLEASANTLY FOR MASTERS

Searching infinite spirit, heart of bodily ecstasy. Gdlyg 5'11", bottom/versatile, 175#, HIM, 8" cat, 50yo WM. Can mold with Top or Master/versatile esp. black, sim-trim, religious in ritual worship of ever deepening sex. Travel nationwide. 20199

DO YOU WANT ME TO BE THE TOP

Pessim, spirit, cigarmaker. Gd, 36yo, 6'3", 180# honest, serious, real, HIM. Looking for clean, smooth (natural or shaven) non-smoking boys, nice or nasty, local or worldwide. Write with photo, you'll get mine Box 724, 2421 W. Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645 Email TALLTOP36@AOL.com

DO YOU WANT ME TO BE THE TOP

WM, 47yo, 6'2", 220# BRN/HZL, beard/moustache, mostly HIM. ISO body-fledged boy (any age) seriously into SM, BD, who will submit his butt and back for punishment and his emotions to a caring protective Master Respect & loyalty from you gets monogamy from me. Terms 20178

HIM+ TOP/DAD ISO GOOD BOY

Virginia Top, hung, uncut, gym-toned emc., 53yo, 5'9", 165#, big piece in rural woods, seeks "boy" 1/3 son, 1/3 recruit, 1/3 slave, 100% eager, "yes, Sir" before. Give loyalty, obedience, tight holes. Get support, stability, training, discipline, attention 8940

HOT LEATHER SLAVE

Hot slave, late 40s, 5'10", 165#, lean, masculine glibly, seeking top quality leather Master for heavy, safe scenes or relationship. Travel ok. 5943

HIM+ LEATHERY COOL BOY

GWM bottom boy, glibly, 35yo(looks 25yo), 5'10", 135#, BRN/BRN, 'stocke, hairy, hot ass, very honest rouch, funk, romantic. Me: SM, BD, WS, waz, VA, Gr/p, Fr/a, toys, leather, cigars, FF, gags, gangs. Seek Top/Dad: dom, rough, under 55yo, biker, try leather, cigars, hung. Plus: Italian, German, Hispanic. Relationship poss. Live Atlanta. Travel John. 20320

SMITH & BOND

But I am caring and very experienced. If you are 21+yo and interested in developing your talents, I can help you make friends with SM and the pain. I will hurt you but I will never knowingly harm you. POB 7126, Boca Raton, FL 3343 3621

KINKY COUPLES

We like watching & being watched. WM CPL 40's, in-shape. Want to put together scene. Hot, sleazy, safe. Your pix & letter gets ours. POB 39989, Los Angeles, CA 90039-0989 Email: ATWATER1623@WEBTV.NET

LEATHER, RUBBER, ROPE, AND...

Steal to keep you controlled in your position as my slave. Your objective: total service to hot leather/rubber Top; 38yo, 5'8", 180#, BB, 8" dick. You can expect

percing, chastity, shaving, WS, torture and more. Slaves to age 45yo apply. 9969

MASTER SXS MUSIC SLAVES

Master, 47yo, tall, well-built, hairy, Ital., clean-cut, succl, educ sxs slaves, 18-35yo, smith, hard, defined. Jocks, M&B & BB a+ U need Master to guide your life. Will train neoper with superior physique. Live in large S.H.I. house. HIM+ only. 603-425-6659 weekends 20190

MUSCLEBEAR WRASSLER

Strong, tough, bearded, very hairy musclebear, 5'8" 160#, shaved head, leather and cigar bear. ISO tough, rugged leather musclebear to wrastle/fistfight/fuck in a ring in my cave. Want real ISO fight for Topbear fucking rights 41 Surfer #1479, SE, CA 94104-4903

NEOPAGAN SEEKS ASSCHEERS

For heavy BD with safe and sex - in ritual settings. Can host or travel U. Midwest and switch roles. 6'0", 205# 51yo. Specialize in asses. Jim D., POB 5051, Appleton, WI 54913

NEOPAGAN SEEKS ASSCHEERS

Att. Leatherman, 36yo, 5'8", 165#, well hung, seeks obedient tix slaveboy under 40yo for week-end slave training in my equipped playroom. Expect BD, orders, bootlicking, live-mod SM, public display POB 50024, Arlington, VA 22205. Relationship possible. 20462

NEED A LEATHERY MISTRESS

Masc., in-shape, exp., some Master, 58yo, 6'2", 190# has position for younger, attractive anal slave/houseboy. Clean-shaven, cut, trimly muscled for my pleasures. TT, VA, spanking, control, discipline, assplay, humiliation will patiently train novice. Photo a must. No terms 20460

NEED A LEATHERY MISTRESS

47yo, 5'10", BRN/HZL, 180# 6" Sub sxs life as kenneled, caged human dog in iron collar and shackles & leashed by exp. like SM Master to 55yo wanting perm ownership. Sit life in tixy BD. Ken aka Kai, 2603 Borington Court, Sugar Land, TX 77478-849 Foto/term gets mine. 20470

BLANCH PIG

46yo, WM, 5'9", 170# chunky guy, 34" waist, 7", attractive slave. Seeks rouch Master for degradation. Will give total body service. Can travel for the real thing. Total subservience and punishment are the Master's choice. No BS. 9824

NEED A LEATHERY MISTRESS

GWM Italian, 35yo, 5'10", 148# desires rectal exam from real M.D./proctologist. Must be handsome, under 40, trim. Discretion assured. Writer FC, Box 50022, Pompano Beach, FL 33074. Or beeper: (954) 619-8203

NEED A LEATHERY MISTRESS

Correction and discipline. Strip search exam, enema, catheter, restraint and shaving as needed. Punishment with institutional strap on bare buttocks. Strict, formal and serious. Call (201) 635-9198. Box 9049

NEED A LEATHERY MISTRESS

Kentucky leather cub, 26yo, dk beard/stoche, shy-type, prof. ISO serious leather Top. Interests: BD, SM, CBT, WS, humil., complete dedication to Master. Cub is tired of games. Cigar/pipe a+ but not necessary. Travel possible. Email: cigarab24@aol.com

NEED A LEATHERY MISTRESS

Athletic, Musc grad student, 32yo, 5'7", 175#, 155# applies to demanding Master/Slave for 3 m commitment to learn servitude & worship thru suffering confinement & disc. LTR possible. Will relocate for met, work as req'd DB, Box 5232, Bloomington 47407-5232 20468

SHAVING: "IT'S A MAN THING"

Man to man by expert with str razor. Shave body, bath, tidy up head or body hair, military too. Js alone or group. I love to chat & sh videos/photos. Discreet call back: Ed Johnson, (561) 697-6646, or write. POB 21443, West Palm Beach, FL 33416. 9813

SM!

Buticker begs to serve hot, verbal Leathermaster. SM, 45yo, 5'6" 135# muscular, nice body. Needs humiliation, bondage, piss, shaving, TT, spanking, mind control, obedience, dog training. Slave will work cock, ass, feet, body and submit to your control. Abuse, Sir 3-waves, travel OK. 8346

SUBMISSIVE BOOTLICKER

WM, 5'10", 190# 25yo. This boy is into heavy humiliation and heavy BD; involving infantilism, cigars, discipline, CBT, shaving, enemas, toilet training, and training with dog food. Boy seeks friends, Daddies, Masters who like to play rough. 20340

TITANIC BOY NEEDS MASTERS

Truly massive, smooth, hard, hot, submissive, athletic, ripped muscle to serve, grow and show by. Lean, tight, smooth, boyish BB 5'9", 157#, BRN/G 31yo. Raw, hot sex, BD, TT, CBT, SM, can supply sponsor & motivate night boy. Photo/phone 8852

TOPMAN WANTS SLAVES

33yo, masculine and sordid. Hot into games or for sy. Want bottom, slave(s), or pig. For discipline/obedience and ownership. Into sugar Daddy types, policemen, military, BB, firemen, beards, athletes, bi, married, pig group/video/photo, piercings, chastity, skins, smoking/drugs only. 9867

TRUCKER - US & CANADA

38yo, average build, beard, tattoos, pierced & inked bottom. Love all aspects esp. fists, toys & slings. Like TT VA BB W's & other hot men into wild nasty sex 9220

TRUCKER'S DELIGHT

Hot male bottom, tight MUSC, smooth body, no MUSC ass, loves to take GR and give FR to well built trucker. Love to show off my ass, and have it fucked. Love to cum and piss. You must be clean, prefer married men, but will consider all. Call: (860) 674-9880 2073

WANT A LEATHERY MISTRESS

90% Top needs training to become 100% bim. WM 6'1", 175#, pierced nips, PA. Embarking on journey pure cockhound. Sks dominant

Top to initiate training. SM, BD, CBT, WS, VA, assplay. All scenes considered. Chgo/travel. Awaiting my call duty. Sir 1 20478

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CLASSIFIEDS

ALABAMA

ALABAMA BOY TOY

40yo, 175# WM looking for man into foot, wet sessions. Loves foreplay, armpits, ass sucking, WS, humiliation so key. T-shirts. Doug, 608 Arizona Rd Apt#1907, Mobile, AL 36609

ARIZONA

FAIRY MAN BOY TOY

Need permanent lover to move here or me there. No bull. Your huge trucker build, big gut, armpits, ass, strong, protective, red-neck, piggy, dominant, cuddler. Mer-teen, musc, sexy, 40yo, 170# GWM, BLND/BLU, worship you, live for your humiliating man-smells. Send photo 20485

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

ELECTRO CBA, WHIPS, BOOTS!

ISO GWM, 40yo, 175# WM, 6'0", 175#, BA, HT, whipping, and black leather bootfucking with blue 501 and other LL. I'm 50yo, tall, cut, neg. SF Bay Area 20454

HOUSEBOY/SLAVEBOY/SON/BOYTOY

GW CPL, retired, partly disabled, in late 40's, both HIV seek boy for sexual and domestic needs. Boy must be GM 18-35yo, HIV+ only (with proof), no drugs, no alcohol, smoking ok, but no cigs, homebody person, small frame body, bubble butt (firm), hung nice, cut, short hair. Boy must be totally obedient and eager to serve both, discipline, submissive, ownership, manageable companionship, and into BD, handcuffs, jackstraps, L/L, toys and most of all trustworthy and honest. This is a full time, live-in position only. Permanent for right boy. Room and board, small salary will be offered by state as an aide to all qualified applicants. No hustlers either. Write with photo and detailed letter of why you want the position. To Sirs (Northern California) 9869

MASSACHUSETTS

Seek boy to train, develop & discipline. Very much demanding, well built 88 GWM, 40yo, 6'0", 195# HIV+ will work & mold you. Safe, sane, responsible development BD, SM confinement, discipline & control. You: GWM, 20-30yo, HIV+, gdlg, serious, no games. Gd letter, photos, phone a must. Central CA 9153

POTENTIAL PORN STAR

Lived all over U.S. but like East Coast. Live with family but ready to move out. Just want a real guy who likes making love, sex, and leather. Will go anywhere for right guy. Serious only reply with photo to: POB 652, Hayward, CA 94541. Must love to leave leather on. 5918

SAN FRANCISCO BOY/SLAVE

Are you a Daddy/Master in need of a boy/slave to serve, obey & please you? Can you properly train a boy/slave expanding any limits? Are you strict but loving? I am 33yo, 6'0", PA & pierced nipples. My interests include CBT, TT, BD, spanking, etc. I am eager to serve and make you proud. Photo & phone. 20327

TEXAS

Can you swallow my big unrub dick and big balls at once? GWM, 45yo, 5'8", 165# BRN/BRN, big hairy chest, HIV+. I love big dicks, so let's play! San Francisco 9978

TEXAS

Young 60's, HIV+ short, stocky, hairy, bald. Seeking young guys who like spanking, paddling, T&A play, and serving a Top only Dad. Live in Bay area but some traveling to "kinky" times. Respond to POB 31335, San Francisco CA 9410335

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BLACK GYM RAT TOP

6'3" 175# 42" 6" BF lean, hard, tight. Looking for other athletic well toned buddies for play...sometimes rough. Mike, POB 881521, San Diego, CA 92168. E-mail stfirman@aol.com 8442

TEXAS

Jocks, military, bad boys, hardbody slaves. Create a fantasy or live reality. WM, 53yo, 6'0", 200# experienced Top to work you hard, no limits. Sadistic toys, strenuous restraints, kinky arousal, tightly controlled release. Casual or long term assoc. Phone/fax: 619-271-1754. Major 3696

COUPLE SEEKS MASC. TOP

GW couple - 1 top, 1 bottom seeks 2nd Masc. top into GR, FR, BD, SM, etc. (818) 244-0886

INDIANA WOMAN LEATHER MASTRESS

Seeks slave for 24/7 life in an SM environment. You will be 25-55yo, able to take progressive to severe training, accept pain and service and do so with great joy in

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serving a Master. Absolute honesty required. Lifetime commitment not a fantasy, real slavery, real SM, real life. Respond to Master Steve, POB 1870, Palm Springs, CA 92263 with letter and photo. Do it, boy. Do it now.

HOT WHITE TOP NEEDED

WM bearcat seeks hot WM Top for friendship, play, and/or possible relations. I am 45yo, hot atm, into SM, BD, WS, ft play, levis, boots, leather, etc. Hurry a plus! Relationship possible for right person. If serious, write to: JS, POB 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067 5917

MUTUAL RUGGED SM

Longtime Top ISO tough, versatile guy for long, intense give & take sessions. Want mutual TT, CBT, flogging, tools & toys. Options: BD, WS, pumps, assplay, all kink scenes. Pluses: smoke & drama, foot fetish, sweaty, unwashed bodies. Me 52yo, 5'11", 165#, masc, lean & musc, verbal. Lt BRN/BLJ, big thick uncut cock. Your 35-55yo, masc, in-shape, exp'd or highly motivated. Must share a strong drive to push pain limits & explore darkest fantasies. Anywhere in So. Cal. Detailed letter & phone# to: David, 1286 University Ave. Box 171, San Diego, CA 92103

TOILET BOTTOM?

Gd lkg top, 5'9", 150#, HIV-, uncut, sks human toilet. Ltr & pix to Jack. 9926

COLORADO

LOOKING FOR SUBMISSION

Met-20's GBA Top, HIV+, good looking. Sks any race, 20-35yo w/ok looks, good body, very masc boy willing to submit for instruction-physically and mentally. Leather ownership, companionship, Central Denver area. 20466

CONNECTICUT

SIR, PLEASE, SIR!

Slave: 5'8", 140#, submissive dog begs to be trained to worship cock, ass & feet as Masters loyal pet favorite toy for kink. POB 1654, Bristol, CT 06010

FLORIDA

BOOT BOY

Dog slave. 30yo, very good looking, 6'2", 195#, into boots, feet, eating ass, WS, assplay. Jupiter to Ft. Lauderdale. Send pix and phone. HIV- only. 20465

FF/DILDOS IN CENTRAL FL

FF vers. Top, 6'2", 185#, 7", BRN/BLJ. Seeks exp. Top FF to lend a hand in my training and very exp. bottoms for deep/wide exploration. Page Don. 407 983-3600, Or

GOOD LOOKING

44yo, B/W/M, salt & pepper hair, 5'11", 175#, mnt one ft. Would like to meet other adult males for B&D and other games for mutual fun and pleasure. Broward or Palm Beach counties. Must include pin and E2 way to contact or no reply. (14) 2

FLORIDA CONTINUED

Moderately sadistic and caring Daddy, 44yo, average endowment, seeks big dicked, naked slave, 28-38yo, for live-in. WS & paddles a must. Serious only. No phone sex. Platonic friends also wanted for social gatherings. Smokers OK. Call (904) 388-2421 Jacksonville, FL 3556

FLORIDA CONTINUED

by goodlooking, bearded Daddy, young fifties, slim & fit. Seeks same for mutual ranch. Into WS, pits, mansmells, eating ass, and more. Travel US. Letter with photo gets reply. A. Rainmaker, PO Box 37934, Jacksonville, FL 32236. B8339

ROWDY CONSTRUCTION WORKER

32yo, 5'10", 185#, handsome, very manly w/rock solid musc body seeks hung Top macho ladies. Drink my beer while I suck dick, eat ass, lick pits, and drink spit and piss. Use me. Bring friends and party on me. No ladies. Leave voice message (954) 413-6911 20335

WANT TO SERVE AND SERVICE

You from head to feet. Top must be MASC, aggressive, 25-56yo, HIV- No tats or foms. Me 58#, 49yo, 5'9", shaved head, VA, WS, tongue baths, humiliation, cock/ampit/feet sucking. Letter with pix gets reply. Angelo, POB 398062, Miami Beach, FL 33239-8062. Serious Only. 20338

HAWAII

ARE YOU NEW TO THE SCENE?

Master provides SM, BD training and instruction for novice bottoms/slaves. Safe, sane, consensual limits/respect. 29315

ILLINOIS

COWBOY WANTS HORSE

6'1", 205#, 67yo Grand Daddy Top wants a big, strong, heavyset son bottom to horseplay, gentle wrestle, mutually workout, swim, safesex, sleep, etc. with. J.L., POB 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60161

KICK KOMBAT

38yo GWA, looking for other men for head to head penis-pounding action! I'm into hard dicks fighting it out. Size unimportant! One on one or? I also like watching. Central IL 20472

WANTED: HOT 40ISH CUT

dominant Daddy to spread my round, smooth, tanned butt cheeks and tongue tube my tight shaved hole, of course leading to the main event of plowing my chute and shooting your load. (312)878-1278 anytime. 20316

MAINE

WOODSHED STYLE PADDINGS

Long, hard, bare-ass paddlings/strappings. Top/bottom, friendship/relationship oriented. Dave, POB 2004, Bangor, ME 04402. (207) 947 2329. No JD calls/phone sex. 8892

MASSACHUSETTS

DIAPERBOY SEEKS DAD

35yo, 6'0", 190# blondboy, living in Worcester MA seeks diapering, stom, affectionate, single Daddy. College grad w/new job & car seeks BD, SM w/o twists. I want to be Daddy's little boy in diapers and changed in front of his friends. No sex or piss games. I'm clean & safe. 20463

PIG BOTTOM S&S TOPS

28yo, GWA, very submissive pig bottom, 5'9", 150#, w/tight pussy deep throat, into cock worship, BD, groups, toys, party, very open. I like truckers, construction workers, masc., musc., moustache & hung A+. Bi-named OK. Mike (617) 325-6410, leave message. 20149

MICHIGAN

ATTENTION MASTERS - MEN!

This boy desperately needs to be taken as slave! Wanted: truckers, construction men, pipeline, or men w/rough jobs, leather men. Come take me desperately as your slave. Into SM/BD acts and skin tight jeans. Call Brad Jackson, 616-684-5673. Or: 401 Pokagon Street Niles, MI 49120

MUTUAL CBT/TT/GENITAL KINK

Handsome HIV- WM, 31yo, ISO same 18-36yo for safe, sane, respectful & mutual kink. Special interests: cock whipping/BD, vacuum pumps, hot wax, electricity, sounds, catheters. My dick is hungry to be fucked by one who knows the

techniques. Let's probe together! Photo please. 3680

MISSISSIPPI

LEATHERLOVE & RUBBERLUST!

Harold's a bold, bearded, bearded engineer who loves man-hugging leathers and nut-hugging racks. For muddy watersports in heavy harnesses rubberu heads. Our hot groups and steamy gropes may lead deeper male bonding. Leather Oaks, Box 5172, Bay MS 39534 88472

NEW JERSEY

DETHROU MASTER

Seeks slave into spanking, catheters, oral service, work, DB, CBT. You will be abused but never harmed. Call George: evenings at 201-66-1138

NEW YORK

ARE YOU TICKLISH?

Dominant, educated, HIV- GWA, 56yo, 5'10", seeks intelligent, ticklish, HIV- GWA, 21-55yo for anal, spanking, other light, safe, consensual kink. Kisses, cuddling, massage. Dating, relationship possible. No drugs. POB 462 Mundy Hill Station NY, 10156-0462 9084

BARE BOTTOM SPANKING

GWA-37yo, 5'6", 155# Guys 18-45, jackknife over your knee, then blister my naughty peck-fuzz. Bottom till it burns & blushes. spank too. Reply to

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WIFE'S DESIRES

Need help by a group and tortured beyond
 the wildest. Sinks and arina ok. NYC

WHO ARE YOU?

27yo, 5'8", 155#, BRN/BRN sky hair, tan
 skin. I'm a girl & more. Blue collar. Dads &
 mom make a misanthrope of it all up. Mediter-
 ranean. I'm 30-55yo. Photo. Please don't
 bother. Box 460, Bohemia, NY 11716.

OPPORTUNITY

41-year ex-sucker play w/ mature, mas-
 sive guy in top into SM, CBT, TT, WS, FE, videos,
 movies etc. No beard. Bulky butt, hung a
 lot. photo and you'll get ours. Let's play ser-
 vants. 41 years shaved lately? 20484

WHITE HOUSEBOY SLAVES

41yo WM, hot, tall, well built, will train. You
 are willing to submit into all scenes, HIV-
 and no games. Limits respected & explored.
 Birmingham, NY 0962. Photo & photo.

NEED YOUNG SLAVE

at 11 need guy to service them day-in, day-
 out. 30yo & 27yo need guy M/S, M/D

who is willing to serve 2 guys. If you are a Top who
 needs a new bottom and a spare for those days you are
 bored with the 1st guy, write to apply for the job
 Thanks. 20481

WANTED

62-year young, understanding Top or obedient bottom
 ISO someone special to share needs. 591

WANTED

I am 52yo, 6'4", 158#, BRN/BRN. Need very domi-
 nant Master. I am experienced in all areas of SM, BD,
 CBT, TT. I am available at all hours. Write: DS, Box
 2957, Church St. Sta., New York, NY 10008. All
 answered with photo. You won't be disappointed.

PIECE OF SHIT

Begging for humiliating abuse. Bootlicking, cock sucking
 whippingboy to serve sadistic, kinky Masters. Public
 scenes, groups especially desired. Also serve as naked
 slave at parties. 6'2", 165#, 39yo. NYC (212) 678-
 4405. 20194

WANTED

GWM, 49yo, 6'0", 225#, BRN/BLU, average looks
 wants BD, CBT, TT, heavy ass use by group or exhibi-
 tionism with my Master. Whip, spank, beat butt tota-
 ly. Write to my box # and tell me your plans. Will
 totally submit to best letter received. You win me
 20489

WANTED: F/F TOPMAN

Hot, funky, handsome, mature body bld type, 44yo
 5'9" 180# new to NYC strictly bottom HIV- likes it
 nasty. ISO serious Top into intense assplay & hot, long
 scenes. FE. 41yo. Master. Maso only reply. Mike
 Rogers 7 E 4+ St. #302. NYC 10003 11271

NORTH CAROLINA

SLAVE(S) WANTED

By kinky Master for use & abuse. Slave: 18-ya, any
 race, any level of experience. Sir is 35yo, 6'3", 215#,
 hairy, tattooed, pierced, 8"+ long, thick & cut cock. Lim-
 its respected. Send a photo and letter begging for the
 chance to serve. 20487

WANTED

WANTED

Galloping GWM couple: 35yo, 165#, 6' & 42yo, 170#
 6', big balls. Both in good shape with big dicks. Always
 horny & into most scenes. Looking for safe play with
 hot men of all ages. Write with photo & detailed letter
 to: POB 4092, Toledo, OH 43609

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE WANTED

for weekend use. You are slim, short, preppy type. You
 will be kept nude or in skimpy bikinis for the pain, humili-
 ation and some exhibitionism. Must like floppy mocs

and loafers, like SM/BD Cleveland. Photo, phone for
 interview. 8686

SM, BODY SHOTS & TORTURE

Ohio intelligent professional, 46yo, 5' 0", 175#. Let's
 explore SM with cruel, controlled application of elbows,
 knuckles, knees to crotch, gut, abs, ribs, or TT, BD. Sub-
 mission wins my affection. Thin, defined to BB or aver-
 age A+. No gut or over 210#. Safe, sane, kinky, role-
 reversal, one night or a lifetime. Topless photo and
 desires to SMC, POB 19830, Cincinnati, OH 45219

WILD, HOT BOY: CENTRAL OHIO

Musc, pussymouthed tuckboy, 34yo, 6'0", 190# ISO
 hung, fit leather/uniform Top for BD, SM, body worship,
 leathersex. Send photo, letter, phone#. Cigars esp
 welcome. 20490

OREGON

WHITE SLAVE HOUSEBOY WANTED

You: over 18 under 36yo. am 56yo w/ 30 years SM
 Master exp. I will train you to be loved and appreciated
 by myself and my love slave. Longterm/ or lifetime
 Only serious need apply. You need to obey, serve, be
 honest and live to your slave self and submit to my love
 and our lifestyle in Oregon. Send application, letter
 w/photo and phone# to Master Ron. 20313

SEEKING MEN INTO PINK/RED HANKY

33yo 6'0", 175# man with BRN hair/BRN eyes, goo-
 rye and a huge sloppy man-hole. Looking for AFN who
 like to have raunchy fun with meaty pumped cocks,
 balls and nipples and most of all MUTUAL BLIT
 STRETCHING MAN-HOLE ACTION with huge plugs and
 stallion-sized dildos. Enjoy dildo/fisting pain and all-
 night stretching sessions. Call me at 503)220-0057

TENNESSEE

WANTED

Young looking Daddy - kinky, wet, wild. WM, 5'11"
 175# 8" cut, red hair/beard/pubes, HIV-, mutual hot,
 creative, WS, FE, dildos, enemas, many soap, SM, CBT
 Photo exch. & actual meetings (423)579-3058 (Barn
 Mt 9pm EST) No phone JO 20175

WANTED

6'0", 155#, 36yo, experienced, submissive, pierced,
 tattooed, LL, rubber boy seeks forced shipping, nudity,
 and rape scenes. Into WS, ranch, toilet sex, CP, BB,
 humiliation and heavy VA from aggressive, dominant,
 J. Men, groups, outdoors etc. 20196

TEXAS

WANTED

Muscular, very handsome, aggressive bottom,
 6'2", 8x6", 204#, 47" c, 33" w, 36yo, profes-
 sional seeks smart, handsome, aggressive Top, 30-
 45yo. 20469

WANTED

WM, 34yo, tall, dominant SM Top. I enjoy abrasion,
 whipping and Daddy/boy fantasy. You must be short,
 stocky, grey, baking boy. No smoking or drug use
 allowed. I prefer a permanent partner. Write today if you
 are the one. 20144

WANTED

For kinky dildo-ff action. Leon 137# Wm, 5'8",
 BRN/GRN, 7", 53yo. Tony, 5201-A Richmond Ave
 #346, Houston, TX 77056

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CLASSIFIEDS

LEATHER MASTER WANTED

Experienced leather Master sought by wife 'stashed English' 37yo, dark hair, medium build, travelling to the States in '97. Needs training in WS, TT, BD, SM, VA, and spanking. 20483

IRREGULAR SLAVE REQ'D

Master, 40's, experienced, seeks slave 18-35yo, SM, CB, TT, BD, CP, WS, SS showing, submission, humiliation, owned, total control, anal, bootlick, FF, piercings, tattoos, cage, suspension, dogbow, chains, hood, collar, etc. Send photos, request slave questionnaires. 20467

LEATHER MASTER WANTS SLAVES

White Dutch Master, 40kg, BLK/DK BLND, slim, experienced ISO a willing and submissive slave for friendship, fun and pleasure. Must be obedient, absolutely bottom, and honest. I live in Amsterdam. All will be answered. 20482

CANADA

MY ASSHOLE PIG

Ontario. Tall, fit, masculine, hairy, 42yo, bottom, mutual, seeking fit men into asshole rouch; sniffing; rimming; farts, skids & squats; scat; mansmells, intimacy encounters. 20473

ISLAND

LEATHER DADDY LATE 40'S

Playroom, sling, cage, sleepsack, whiplash, restraints, cuffs, collar, harness, chastity, CP, whips, cane, TT, WS, plugs, dildos, FF, rim, shaving, BD, anal, pierced, tattooed, leather, 501s, boots, jock. Slave 18-35yo sought. Questionnaire and contract available. Novice trained. Send photos, details. Total slavery. 20467

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ORGANIZATIONS

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GAY-MALE SM ACTIVISTS

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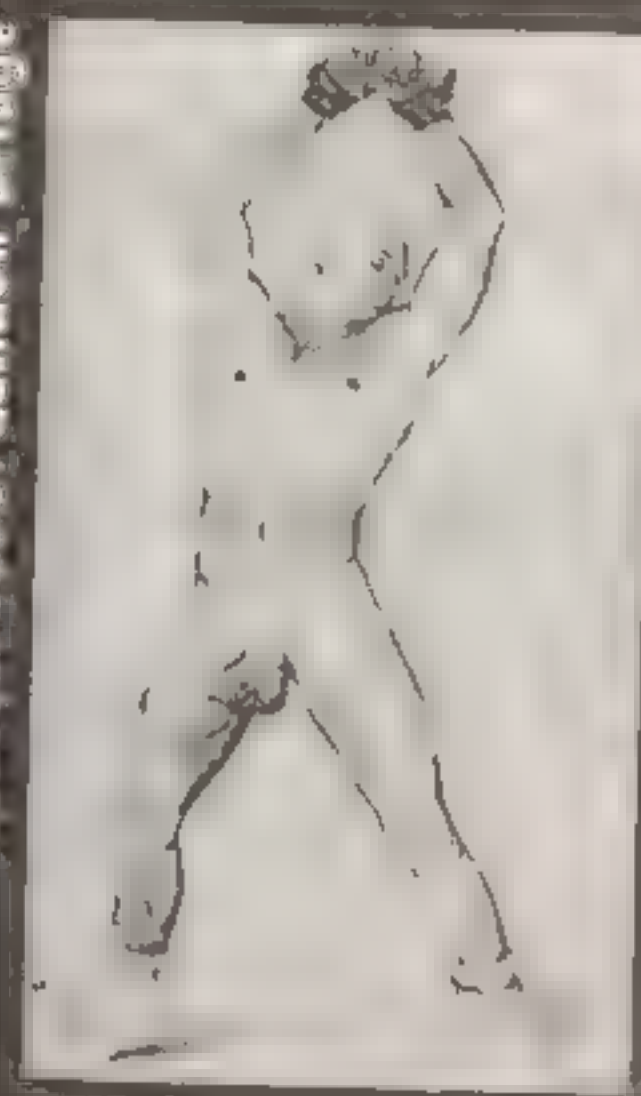
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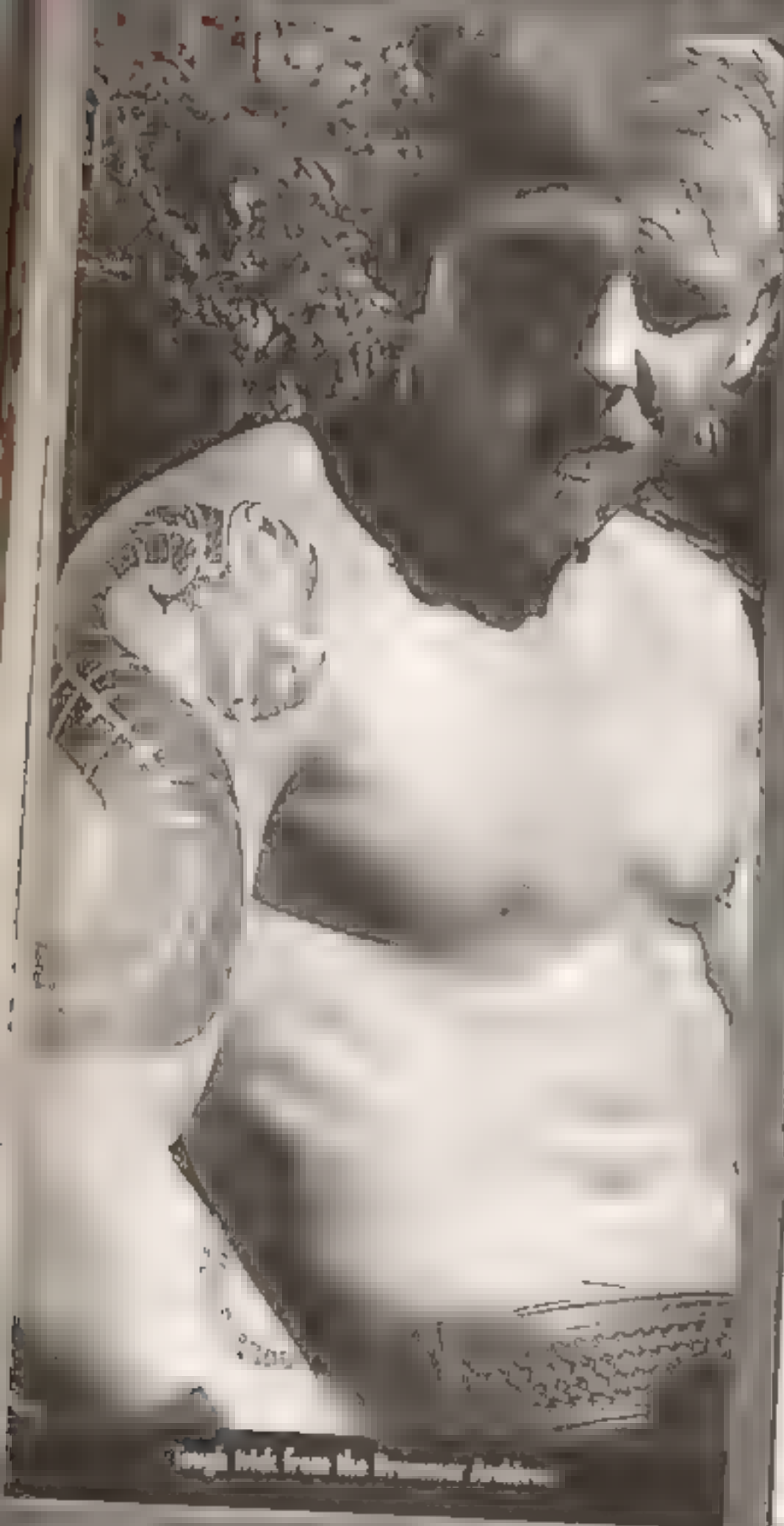
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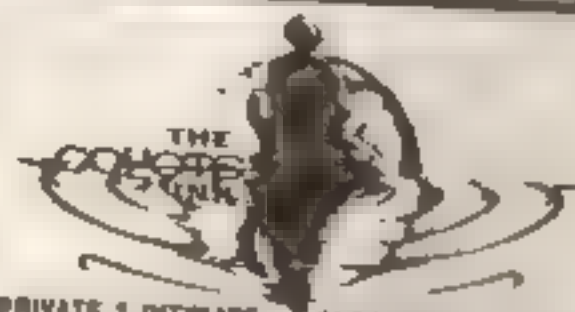
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Tricks & Dicks Outdoors

What makes a good sex park?

BY DAN WILLIS

As a graduate student in the 70's, living in New York's Greenwich Village without much money but with a schedule that allowed for plenty of late-night salaciousness, this reporter was a frequent visitor to the empty trailer trucks that parked in the lots along Washington Street. It was enjoyable being in the open air and watching fellow seekers stroll between nearby depots, slipping into the empty open trucks parked in them.

But the many shortfalls became apparent after spending the daylight hours thinking about what makes for good urban design, not to mention public safety, given the preponderance of pickpockets, bashers, and the occasional squabble turned nasty. So, what characteristics make a particular park or public space good for finding or having sex?

While many outdoor cruising areas are natural, most urban ones are man made, including seemingly natural ones like the Ramble in New York's Central Park, the Fens in Boston and the area between the windmills in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. Once inside, the city disappears. Each has a network of paths leading to "rooms" variously sized for two or three or more, some opaque enough to provide the desired amount of privacy while leaving something for the voyeur. There are also many ways into and out of the sex areas.

Although these parks were carefully designed, they were planned for a broader use. It's not likely that Central Park's designer gave much

thought to the possibility that his pastoral scenes might include more honestly earthy activities and made his plans accordingly. That oversight led to adaptations simultaneously natural and man made. That is, the paths and/or "rooms" were made by men, but over a period of time and according to their urges rather than a thought out plan, the way cow paths are created. Popular sex spots in genuinely natural surroundings have also been altered in this way, as at Land's End in San Francisco or Fire Island's Meat Rack.

Other outdoor venues popular for cruising and sex eschew the faux idyllic for the forthrightly urban. In Paris, the Tuileries is as formal as any park or boulevard in that city. The French attention to long vistas does not conceal its urban setting but revels in it. The park's design as a promenade promotes a circulation pattern desirable for cruising. The trees that form the promenade and help frame its views provide plenty of cover after dusk, when more than just cruising becomes possible. Along one side of the park is the Seine River, with its walkway functioning as an elongated, winding cruising route, separated from the view of most passersby because it is below the street, level with the river. It passes under bridges that give plenty of cover for trysting (regardless of sexual preference).

Other urban parks where men like

to have sex include Carl Schurz Park and Riverside Park in Manhattan. Both sit beside rivers and combine elements of formal design, loosened up a little, with seemingly natural features. Ample and varied circulation patterns, pleasing vistas, and small spots shielded from casual view are common to these parks, too.

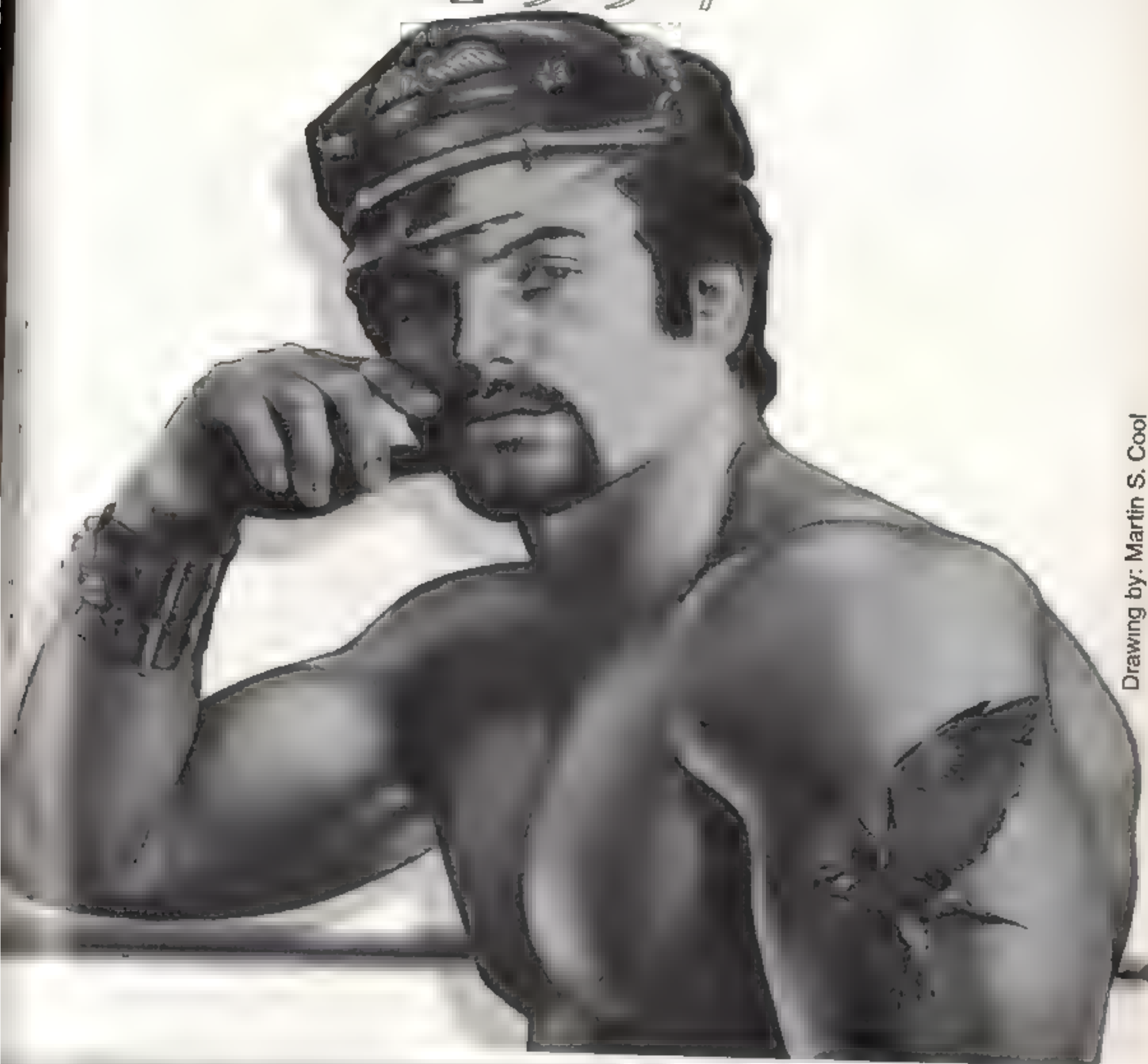
Whether honestly urban or apparently natural, men have chosen and altered countless outdoor spaces for use as sex parks. But outdoor places where men have sex with other men are often absent in neighborhoods where they are most needed. Sometimes this unmet demand finds men cruising in places which are less than ideal but offer just enough privacy for fast furtive fun. Such spots do not get altered much and may function over a period of time. The type of location often varies. It could be an alleyway, a dark pier, or, as in my Greenwich Village of the 70's, the trucks on Washington Street.

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Sarah Humble
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Glenda Ryder
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Kimi
Ms Georgia Leather 96

Leonard Sewa I
Mr Georgia Leather 96

Joe Gallagher
IML 96

Kyle Brandon
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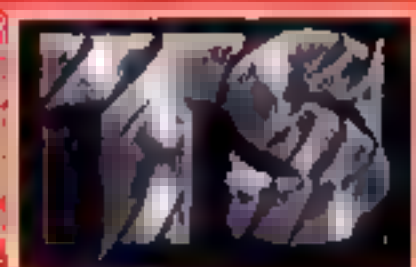
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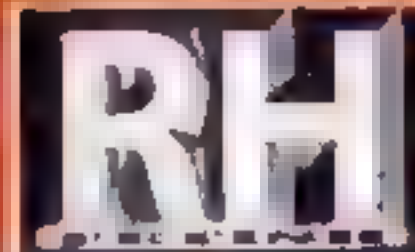
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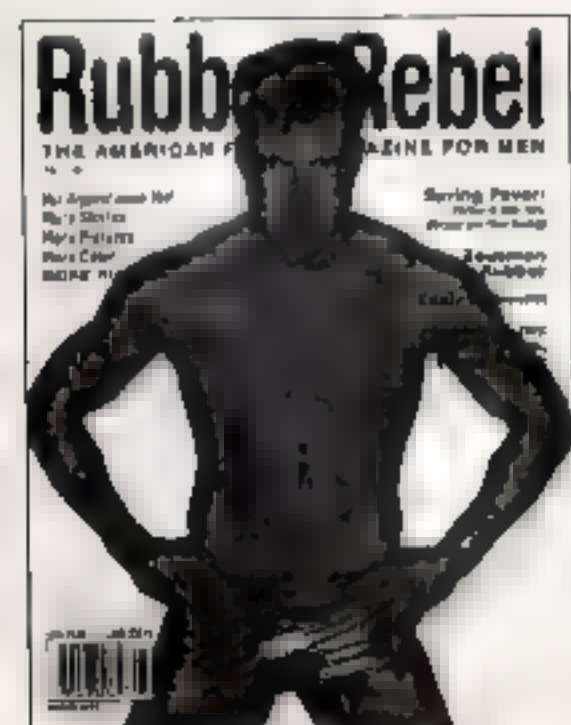
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